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THE NEW REPUBLIC

January 23, 1965, 35 cents

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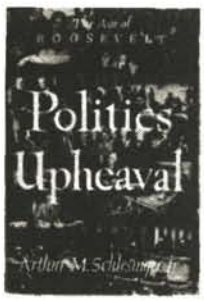

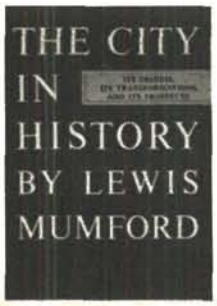

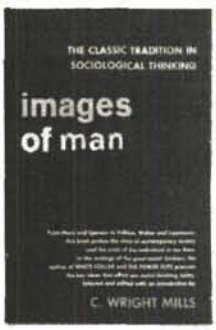

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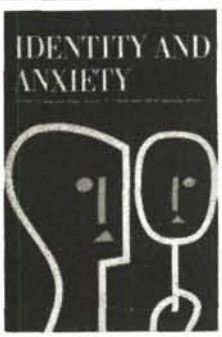

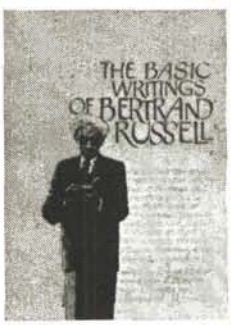

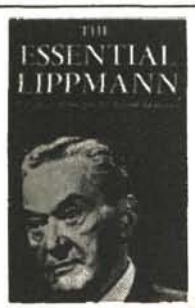

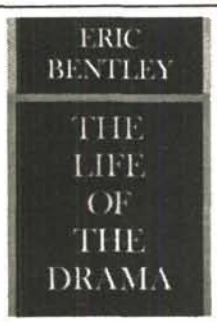

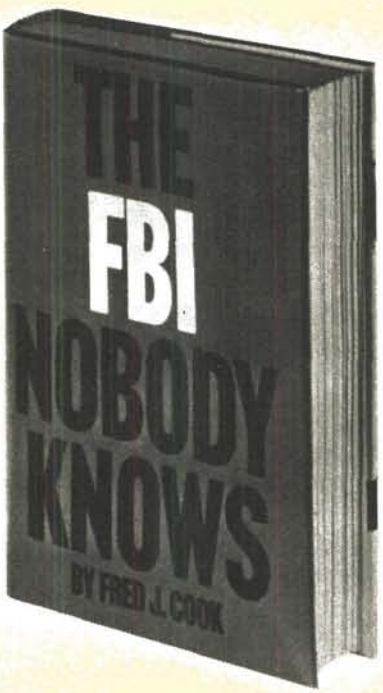

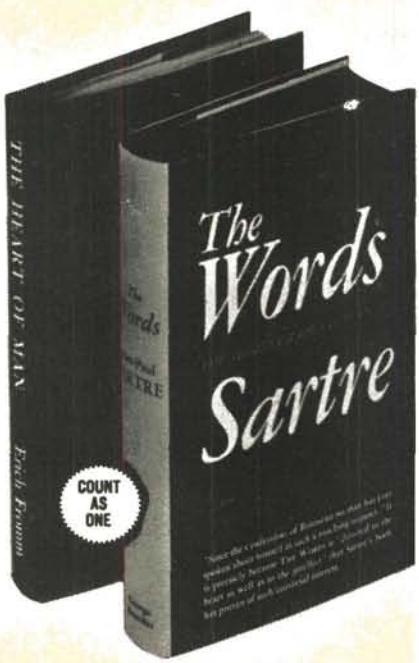

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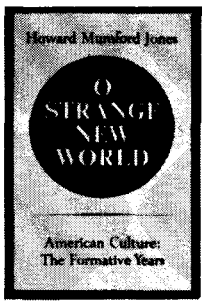

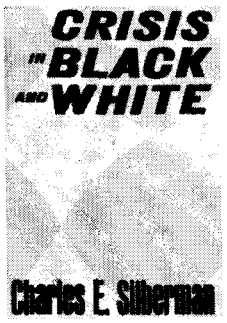

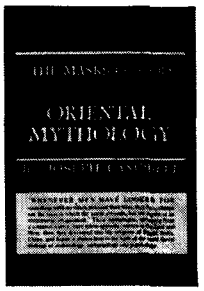

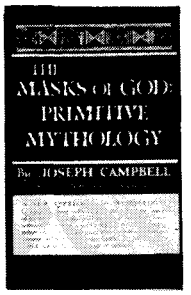

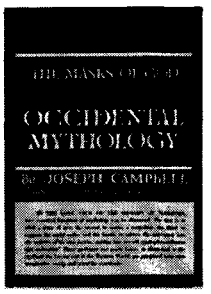

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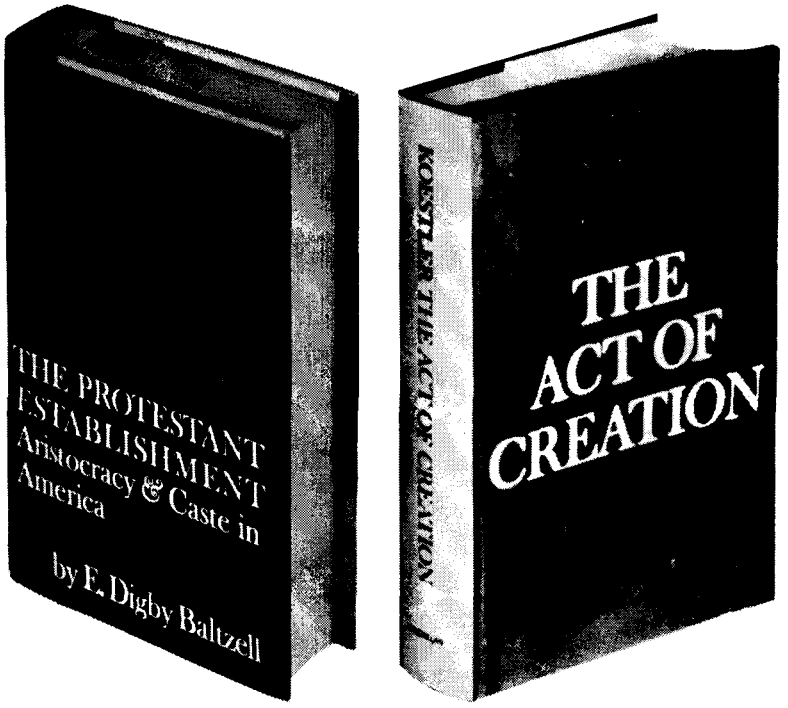
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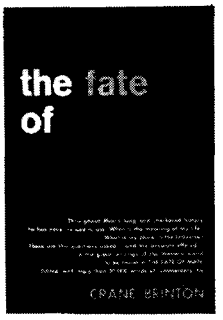

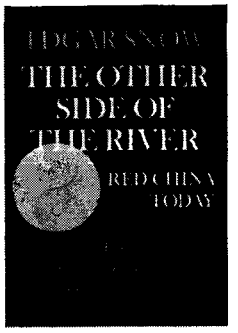

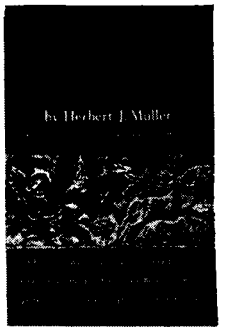

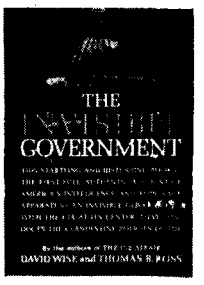

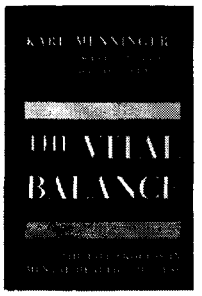

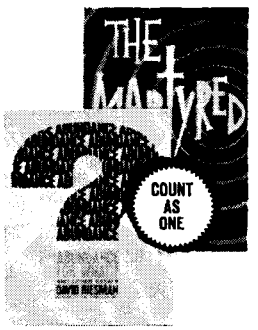

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Tremendous Oath

★ A Presidential inaugural is a Board of Trade mardi gras, with one great moment. The President-elect drives up Pennsylvania Avenue over America's still incomplete Ceremonial Mile, to the Capitol. There, after due fanfare, he steps out onto the lofty wooden platform built over the central flight of steps that spill down under the Dome. He is bareheaded as he confronts the Chief Justice. The big audience falls silent; the nation listens, awed.

There the tremendous oath is administered, simple and solemn as the Greek columns behind; the mystical marriage between President and Nation. "I, Lyndon Baines Johnson . . . solemnly swear . . . preserve, protect and defend . . . So help me God!" For perhaps 30 seconds ceremonial matches America's majesty.

There are cheers, of course, and after that carnival floats and silly balls. But the brief ceremony gets to the root of what America is all about.

Meanwhile, Mr. Johnson has been tossing out great hunks of program, mostly progressive, which would have sent the market down under Harry Truman, and sends it up under this wizard. We must really try to understand it sometime. Business hated Truman, and feared Kennedy. They have typed Johnson as a non-theoretical non-intellectual, who made a fast buck himself while in Congress with that Texas TV-radio station and who, in fact, is one of themselves. Besides that, he is always preaching frugality, isn't he? And his trademark is the $100-billion budget.

Maybe it is partly the Johnson delivery. Perched above him in the House gallery the other night we got to analyzing the style. There was the first grave "Fellow Amurricans," to the final touching rhapsody about the Pedernales. For ceremonies like this he employs a deliberate pedestrianism: a self-conscious pause, a modest hesitation, as though extemporizing something rational and low-keyed. This pause, this deliberate delayed beat, achieves a sort of hypnotic syncopation.

The Johnson delivery, we decided, doesn't sound silver trumpets. But it does achieve a sense of disarming reasonableness. Medicare, education, immigration, foreign aid, an invitation for a visit from Moscow – these are great proposals. This, we guess, is the appropriate approach to what Lippmann has discovered to be "government by consensus." It is revolution by lullaby. It is going to Utopia by tugboat.

The object is to change things while keeping the stock market up, and a very tricky technique it is! We have had two quiet revolutions, recently; tremendous ones. Once and for all, with a brilliantly successful tax cut in the midst of a deficit, we have embraced Keynesian economics. We have accepted, as rational and proper, full government intervention in the business cycle, a concept the mere thought of which caused poor General Eisenhower to blush like a virgin.

"Look to Washington"

★ Now comes the second revolution. It is implicit in almost everything LBJ says, yet is approached so casually as hardly to cause a peep. "Look to Washington," he says. His speeches and messages are full of it. It was implicit, also, in the 1964 landslide election. A fast electric Washington-Boston train? Roadside beauty? An approach to birth control programs? – 30 or 40 other such subjects are in the same bag.

Republicans never liked it. The Republican Party, as known for 100 years, was the great white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant machine of the "haves." But immigration, urbanization, automation did them in. They couldn't adjust. We think the sociological explanation is the right one. We remember columnist Dorothy Thompson confidently writing, years ago, "This is a Protestant country." Well, simple declaratives like that are dated.

Prohibition was a spasm of the declining Puritan energy. Another was the "national origins" immigration law, a too-late effort to roll back the ethnic tides which businessmen, very largely Protestant, had encouraged to get cheap labor. (Dollars always came first, you know.) We think Goldwaterism was more of the same; a final wriggle, perhaps, of the Puritan Establishment, reduced to the absurd.

We mean no offense to the Roundheads. Their tradition was noble enough. But theology confuses politics. Take the other side, for example: the hierarchy, we note, yanked a four-part NBC-TV series last week on birth control, prepared for the Catholic Hour by the National Council of Catholic Men. We think Catholics are stuck with birth control now much the way Methodists were with prohibition, 50 years back. We object, too, to the dog-in-the-manger attitude of the Church to federal aid to public schools. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Johnson can get a consensus on that thorny issue.

★ *Notes:* The fight to bar five Mississippians from seats in Congress isn't over yet though it has dropped out of the headlines; depositions are now being taken to show that Negroes were deprived of their voting rights (not a hard thing to do) and then the matter goes to the House Elections Committee. . . . JFK brought poet Robert Frost to his inaugural; LBJ's cultural riposte is the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, all 300 of them; it's easier to seat one poet than a choir. . . . Smiling Premier Sato came and went: Japan's economy is growing 50 percent faster than ours but we apply 50 percent of our budget to defense; fortunate defeated Japan is deprived of army-navy! . . . The GOP desperately needs a national, big-name, advisory council to plan and articulate policy as proposed by their governors' conference last month; instead, the jealous GOP Congressional leaders are backing a "coordinating committee" in which conservative Congressmen would again run things. . . . And Democratic liberals, on their side, have a majority in the Senate; their ineffectiveness is shown in the leadership they have accepted: Mansfield, Mont., Long, La., and Smathers, Fla. – not a big state in the bunch.

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Count Up To Ten–

Periodically the United States comes under strong temptation to attempt to resign from history. It is tiresome to be confronted by one or more backward countries with chips on their shoulders that impel them to kick the nation which is trying to help them. This has happened several times since the end of the Second World War. In some country – usually one that is receiving American aid – the American embassy or the USIA library is made the victim of a "spontaneous demonstration" organized by the country's authoritarian government. The most recent offender was Egypt and Nasser picked an especially poor time for his outburst. For the general threat to American security that made foreign relations, including aid, seem of pressing importance to the US has greatly diminished, while there has been growing recognition by Americans that there are many unsolved domestic problems which they should be tackling.

American discontent with what sometimes seems to be a world of malcontents is being fed from a second source. Increasingly, the US is irked at having to play the lonely role of world policeman, while the United Nations apparently gets more and more ineffectual. There are more than 700,000 American military men serving overseas: who else has anything like that number of soldiers on foreign soil? Not Russia; not China; no Western country. American attempts to persuade Western and Eastern allies to take a bigger share of collective responsibility for global order have mostly fallen flat. The British grudge the cost of keeping 50,000 soldiers in Europe; there are 250,000 American soldiers there. Once it became clear that the UN was not going to be able to police the world, security arrangements were made outside the international organization. But look at them now. The French seem to long to be quit of NATO; the less said about SEATO and CENTO the better. The US as a Pacific and Hemispheric power as well as an Atlantic power has felt obliged to engage itself militarily almost everywhere. The Europeans are all for trading everywhere, including with China and with Cuba, but are highly reluctant to engage themselves militarily anywhere outside Europe.

American dissatisfaction with this state of affairs is not going to make the US go isolationist, in the sense of a withdrawal from outside affairs and concentration on internal ones. It cannot do this, precisely because it *is* a world power and, moreover, the stronger of the only two countries entitled to call themselves such, at least until Europe becomes united and China becomes something much more

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than the most populous of the backward nations. But, well short of isolation, the vague but visibly growing American feeling of being put upon could well lead to quarrels and misunderstandings with other countries and these cross-purposes might sooner or later turn out just as disastrously. In order to avoid this, and in pursuit of President Johnson's announced policy of building bridges over existing or potential chasms, the US needs to see the world as far as it can through the eyes of its allies, its adversaries, and the uncommitted but bristly Afro-Asians.

Right away, it ought perhaps to be admitted that in some things the allies have by and large been right, and the US has been proved wrong. They were always a bit skeptical about the durability of the great Communist international conspiracy directed monolithically from Moscow. The US upbraided them for their disbelief, sometimes bitterly. Now, the monolith has been shown to be a myth. The US has also been wrong, and the allies more or less right, about East-West trade. Here, the time has surely come to clear away the debris of old, failed policies. Japan's Prime Minister made it plain enough, last week in Washington, that his country will increase its trade with China if it possibly can. The US is expanding its own trade with European Communist countries; it cannot simultaneously continue trying to stifle others' trade with Russia. There is for instance no good reason any longer why the Germans should not sell the Russians anything they want to, including steel pipes to which the US still anachronistically objects.

More East-West trade will not make the Russians more intransigent in Europe. That is not where they nowadays flex their muscles trying to prove to an increasingly skeptical world that they are still as toughly Communist as the Chinese. They prefer taking their exercise in backyards like Africa, and even there only by proxy, supplying arms to Egypt and Algeria who in turn arm the rebels in the Congo. The fact remains that Russia is world power number two with no prospect of ever becoming number one, and the new, untried Soviet leaders have far bigger foreign and domestic headaches than any that the US has. This is why, in Europe, even Catholic voters now feel that they can vote for Marxist politicians without fearing that this will precipitate a Soviet takeover of their country. Even the infamous Berlin Wall has a seasonal hole in it. It is conceivable that now, while the US is temporarily stuck in a mudhole in Southeast Asia that is partly of its own making, is the time to talk once again about disarmament in Europe and the problem of divided Germany. With their fanatical Chinese ex-comrades breathing down their necks the Russians might not be able to respond, but on the other hand the US and its European allies have nothing to lose by taking the initiative even if it should not come off.

If Russia has become something of a paper tiger, in part because of the Sino-Soviet split, then Communist China surely is even more of one, and will remain so for a good while to come. A possible military defeat in Vietnam is certainly not going to tip the world balance of power against the US and in China's favor. The countries of Southeast Asia are not all going to fall like dominoes. For one thing, the Chinese (or the Indonesians) can certainly be stopped if they do start blazing a trail of conquest: the real problem then would be how to halt them without obliterating them. Meanwhile, both of them have displayed tacit awareness of this by confining themselves – in spite of Chinese military antics in the Himalayas and Indonesian guerrillas in Borneo – largely to bluster. Just because of their awareness of their own military weakness, the Chinese Communists like to dream of somehow managing to stir up a sort of global race war, aimed chiefly against the US but with the Russians doubtless also in mind as an eventual target. Peking's chances of success are exceedingly small. But the Russians evidently feel that they ought to cultivate the Afro-Asians, and the US (though by no means only for that reason) ought not to react irritably to Afro-Asian irritants. For, with all its burdens, the US in 1965 is really in a far better position to keep a cool head than almost anyone else, friend, foe or neutral.

–Or Even Twenty

Two of the latest and most heavily armed US fighter-bombers were shot down by Communist gunfire in central Laos last week, apparently while on combat missions. Last August, President Johnson indicated that US planes would fly reconnaissance missions over Laos, and would have escorts, but declared that the US, while it would defend itself, "intends no rashness and seeks no wider war." But now it seems, what people abroad claim to have known for a long time, that the US has for months been directing short-arm military jabs at the North Vietnamese, in their own territory and in Laos.

If the idea is to convince them, and also the Chinese, that the US is ready to extend the war unless deliveries of arms and men to the Communist-led guerrillas in South Vietnam stop, there are several things wrong with it. The US had no choice but to respond when the Russians abruptly put missiles into Cuba in 1962, but the Asian Communists have been dribbling men and supplies into South Vietnam for years. Nobody however seriously believes these dribbles are a decisive factor in the fighting in South Vietnam, where the guerrillas seem able to get plenty of recruits locally and

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where they arm themselves mainly by capturing American weapons from the South Vietnamese regular army.

Extending the war means taking considerable risks, as President Johnson indicated. Yet there is no reason to believe it will prevent the guerrillas in South Vietnam winning victories, or strengthen the Saigon regime. Once embarked on such a course, however, the US is in danger of being lured into further extensions, to stop the rot, turn the tide, achieve credibility, or whatever excuse is formulated for getting deeper into the swamp.

The other US project, to introduce 2,000 South Korean soldiers into South Vietnam, is even less attractive. The 2,000 Koreans can't make a significant difference and probably would be better employed at home, where they may be needed if extending the fighting becomes popular with the North Koreans too.

Un-American

At the behest of the House Un-American Activities Committee, the House of Representatives last month cited, and a grand jury indicted, two Washington women, Dagmar Wilson and Donna Allen, for contempt of Congress. Subpoenaed by a subcommittee of HUAC which was investigating State Department policy in the issuance of visas and entry permits, the two women expressed cheerful willingness to answer any questions put to them *at an open hearing*; but they declined to testify, as the subcommittee wanted them to, in secret. Given the reluctance of courts to curb the investigating power of Congress, it is entirely possible that these women will be convicted and sentenced to six months – even, perhaps, to as much as a year – in a federal penitentiary.

No one suggests, or even suspects, that they were guilty of "subversive" or "un-American" conduct. They belong to a group called "Women Strike for Peace," committed to the idea of reciprocal disarmament. In the summer of 1963 they visited the State Department and urged officials there to grant an entry permit to a Japanese peace leader, Professor K. Yasui, dean of the Hosai University Law School. The permit was granted, and the professor spoke in 10 US cities.

Issuance of the entry permit involved a fight within the State Department's Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs, between those seeking to liberalize passport and visa policy and those seeking to revert to the restrictive practices of the McCarthy era. The latter group enlisted the busybody aid of the HUAC subcommittee which subpoenaed Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Allen as pawns in this intra-office fight. Its reluctance to have them testify in public is therefore understandable. So is theirs to testifying in secret. The Un-American Activities Committee has so often been guilty of distorted, partial and self-serving disclosure of testimony taken by it in closed hearings that it would be very naïve indeed to repose any confidence in its good faith. The Committee has made its name so odious that to be called before it at all is a stigma.

Whether witnesses called before a committee of Congress may insist upon a public rather than a private hearing has never been authoritatively determined by the courts. The prosecution of the two women thus raises an interesting and difficult legal issue. Generally speaking, congressional hearings ought to be open and public. Congress itself has said so. In the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946, Congress provided that "all hearings conducted by standing committees or their subcommittees shall be open to the public, except executive sessions for marking up bills or for voting or where the committee by a majority vote orders an executive session." Two justifications are commonly recognized for ordering an executive session – an expectation that testimony may imperil national security or that it may tend to injure and defame innocent persons. Neither justification could be reasonably said to exist in this case.

The Un-American Activities Committee has no clearly defined function and respects no jurisdictional limits. If the House of Representatives wants information concerning State Department visa practices, the proper body to obtain it is the immigration subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee, which prepared visa legislation and has continuing jurisdiction in this area; and the proper persons to ask are the responsible State Department officials. The Un-American Activities Committee is essentially engaged in policing ideas. Because only men with scant understanding of the democratic process would want to wield such power, it inevitably operates capriciously, meanly and despotically, as it did in this case. It is time for the House of Representatives to end it.

No Negro Barbers

In Topeka, home of the first school desegregation case, a Kansas Negro still cannot learn the barbering trade unless he studies it in prison.

State attorney general William Ferguson ruled recently that beauty shops and schools of cosmetology that are not located in motels, inns or hotels do not come under Title II of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 or the Kansas Civil Rights Act of 1961. Ferguson declared that these shops and schools which include barbering institutions can refuse service to non-whites.

Samuel C. Jackson, president of the Topeka branch of the NAACP, said he will urge the state legislature to bring both beauty and barber shops under the cloak

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of the state's rights law. He also charged the beauty and barber schools with refusing to enroll Negroes. In denying the charge as far as beauty schools are concerned, the head of the state board of cosmetology declared that three of 20 previously all-white schools of cosmetology now enroll Negroes. However, the Kansas Barber Board admitted that the two private barber colleges in the state refused to admit Negroes, and said the only place in Kansas where a Negro can learn to cut hair is the Kansas State Industrial Reformatory at Hutchinson. "We get most of our barbers from Missouri," said an officer of the barber board.

Be Careful

Dr. Fred Schwarz' Christian Anti-Communist Crusade has hired a songstress to croon anti-Communist ballads to the faithful. She is Janet Greene, former television star of "Cinderella and Her Friends,". a children's program in Columbus, Ohio.

"Every great movement throughout history has expressed its inspiration in music," said Dr. Fred Schwarz at a recent meeting in Ann Arbor. He feels the Crusade is getting a late start in contrast with the folk singers who he says are now being used by "Communists." But he is confident Mrs. Greene can catch up. Her television program, Schwarz notes, "had the highest rating in competition with Captain Kangaroo and the Today show."

"I left my TV program, at great financial sacrifice, to dedicate my voice and musical talents to saving our country and our children from the tyranny of Communism," Mrs. Greene said. Her specialties include "Be Careful of Commie Lies," sung to the familiar tune of "Jimmy Cracked Corn." "Be careful of the Communists," the song goes, because "Communism is on the rise, Satan has a new disguise." Mrs. Greene wrote the lyrics and words to another song she calls "The Fascist Threat," which as you might suspect is the Communist Conspiracy.

Despite her pleasing voice, catchy lyrics and nimble guitar playing, Mrs. Greene poses little threat to, say, Joan Baez. She has short hair.

New York Politics

Why the Mayor Feels Like Tshombe

by Murray Kempton

New York's voters elected the first Democratic state legislature in 30 years last November, and now they gaze with horror upon what they have done. After the General Assembly had been in session a week, the Democrats remained incapable of agreeing upon a Speaker of the Assembly or a Majority Leader of the Senate. The quarrel, superficially, was between Robert Wagner, mayor of New York City, and the Democratic leaders of the other counties; but the trouble was rooted in the habits of 70 years of colonial government. The Republicans in Albany had felt no more need and made no more effort to train the Democrats in the legislative process than if they had been Belgians and the Democrats Congolese.

The Republicans have the excuse that no more than the Belgians could they imagine a time when they would cease to be colonial rulers. Their mandate had been cemented in the New York State Constitution of 1897, which created what has until now been the geographical basis for representation in the General Assembly. The constitution set the rule that the smallest county must have at least one member of the lower house while the largest county could have no more than 19. The consequence was that counties with 17 percent of the population held 30 percent of the seats in the Assembly. The State Senate was apportioned by a formula more complicated but as serviceable.

Over the 67 years of this constitutional order, the Democrats have elected the governor 13 times and the Republicans 15. But the Democrats have managed to control the legislature just four years out of the 67. The Republicans failed to get a statewide majority of the popular votes in the legislative elections in 1958, 1960 and 1962; yet they held on to a comfortable ma-

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jority of the seats. It took Senator Goldwater to bring them crashing down last fall; the Democrats were as surprised as anyone; they had come to assume, as their Governor Al Smith had decided in the twenties, that the New York State legislature is "constitutionally Republican."

Their painful struggle to set up some semblance of the new order showed how distressed they were. Oddly enough, Nelson Rockefeller, a Republican, seemed happier than Robert Wagner, a Democrat. Rockefeller's achievements have been far less substantial than he had expected; in Albany, he would propose substance and Walter Mahoney, the Republican majority leader, would dispose of all but shadow.

But the Democrats had offered a rich and exciting legislative program – never having considered the odd chance of having to enact it – and Rockefeller picked up great chunks of it and delightedly offered them to the first session of the General Assembly as his own program. If the Democrats could organize themselves and give the governor a legislature sometime in the next two years, he and they together might be able to do some of the things Walter Mahoney has forbidden him to do for so long.

But Mayor Wagner could see no such pleasant possibilities. As a vestige of colonial rule, the governor and the legislature share veto power over New York City's finances. The mayor and the governor biennially observe a tribal rite unique to the culture of New York State: (1) In most even-numbered years since the thirties, the Republicans have elected the governor by blaming everything on New York City; (2) in odd-numbered years, Wagner gets elected mayor of New York by blaming everything on the governor.

Having a Democratic legislature makes the latter ceremony less persuasive. Having a statewide Democratic Party produces other inconveniences; nearly all the Democrats in the legislature until now have come from New York City. As members of a permanent and alien minority they have grown accustomed to being second-class citizens: useful only to the mayor as a sort of inferior trade union bargaining for the needs of New York City, as a group indifferent to state problems and as politicians beholden only to their mayor. The mayor, having until now possessed the only piece of New York Democratic real estate worth having, can be excused for feeling as Tshombe did when the Congo declared itself a nation and he was faced with submitting the interests of Katanga to the judgment of propertyless savages. The mayor's interests are parochial; he wants a Democratic legislature captained by men whose only concern is to give New York City the off-track betting bill which commends itself to him as the pleasantest way to give the city new revenues. He can't have such men and, like Tshombe, he talks morbidly of secession, all in all rather preferring the Belgians. His rivals for control of the new majority are by no means his moral superiors; but, being propertyless, they are anxious to capture all of Albany, while the mayor cares no more about New York as a state than Tshombe did about the Congo as a nation. So the Democrats have the legislature, to the comfort of their Republican governor and the inconvenience of their Democratic mayor, and what we watch is the painful struggle of an emerging nation.

One Man, One Vote

The Republicans meanwhile move with cool efficiency to find ways of restoring the old order. It will not be as easy as it used to be when New York was constitutionally Republican and a Democratic legislature was so unused to governing that inevitable exhibitions of indecorum like the present one would drive the rural and suburban citizen back to the Republican line as soon as possible. But the 1897 constitution is no longer there to give the proper overweight to the country voter; its appointment system was thrown out last spring by the Supreme Court as offensive to the Court's "one man, one vote" doctrine.

In December, the expiring legislature met to draw up a legislative apportionment law which might at once satisfy the Supreme Court and give the appointed, transiently upset, Republican order a chance to right itself again. The considerations of sentiment and practical politics were complicated enough to require four different plans, to be offered successively to the courts so that, if one didn't get by, the next best could be tried. The Republicans, of course, could not avoid the bitter necessity of prescribing a legislature in which no one seat can represent a population less than 85 percent the size of the population represented by any other. Whatever could be done within this dreadful limit was tried. Two of the plans offered suggest a lower house in which every county can have at least one assemblyman, with the smaller counties being given one seat but only a one-sixth, one-fourth, one-third, one-half or three-quarter fraction of a vote apiece on roll calls. This system was the one most favored by the drafters, which commends the weight that pure sentiment carried in their proceedings, since its main purpose is to protect the seats of old servitors from the rural counties who are used to wintering in Albany and broken of spirit at the thought of exile from its cosmopolitan delights.

But, for practical purposes, nothing would do but the gerrymander. Its employment shows the desperation of this hour; New York Republicans have never needed a state gerrymander before. The founders of their establishment had, in fact, so well disposed of the

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urban menace by their legislative reapportionment formula that they could indulge their piety by writing into the 1897 constitution a clause which, if it means anything, makes illegal the gerrymander of a New York state legislative district.

The Republicans had, of course, some experience with the gerrymander. The 1960 census cost New York two congressional seats and thus placed upon the legislature the burden of reapportioning every seat in its delegation. The Republicans boldly moved to redraw the districting map with the object of putting 10 of the 22 congressional seats then held by Democrats in the most dreadful peril. This, of course, required prodigies of jiggling to cut out a solid Democratic block from a normally Democratic district and to replace it by a wild lurch over to an adjacent Republican block. The result was a set of districts whose lines were so twisted and tormented and whose shapes so desperately distorted that David Wells and Gus Tyler had to conjure up a whole bestiary to describe them (*NR*, November 27, 1961): "Among the Brooklyn fauna are a camel biting the tail of a barking dachshund, a mechanical dinosaur with key attached, and a vulture."

The Republicans had to give the gerrymander another go in the new legislative reapportionment. They emerged at last with a bestiary which, if it were not so rich as the 1961 spawn, had its rare specimens.

The Bronx, to take a case, is crushingly Democratic; the only hope was to concede three Senate seats to the Democrats and then draw a fourth which will collect enough isolated Republican pockets to give the party a fighting chance there. The result is the 38th Senatorial District, Bronx, a profile of Catherine De Medici, her chin receding slightly to avoid contact with a labor-union housing development, her Florentine nose thrusting after one Italo-Republican enclave and the whole adorned by a hat whose brim extends just far enough to include what is still Republican in the upper-middle income Riverdale area. In a close year, this royal, craggy old lady could give the Republicans a Bronx Senate seat. There is the same chance in middle Queens, and there the Republicans have gathered the pockets of their faithful in the shape of a lobster at the ready (the 31st Assembly District); in Brooklyn, a pen otherwise prosaic in tracing generally safe Democratic districts sees its chance to unite possibly Republican Brooklyn Heights with generally Republican Bay Ridge, and is off on the heady but controlled fancy of drawing a sea monster (the 61st Assembly District).

There is no hope of recapturing the old assured mastery; the Republicans are down to cadging an advantage which would win for them in a year when the party vote is split fairly evenly.

With a little tolerance from the courts, they may have worked conscientiously enough to make a Republican legislature possible if their party gets 46 percent of the popular vote. Under the old order, it was possible to command the legislature with only 33 percent of the statewide vote.

You watch the Democrats in the embarrassment of the power which it took the dreadful accident of Barry Goldwater to give them under the old order, and which, it is unsettling to think, the Republicans have now been forced to give them almost an even chance to repeat under the new.

Democracy and independence are splendid notions; but it is hard not to think of Melbourne sorrowing over the reform bill's destruction of the rotten boroughs. He did not, Melbourne said, see how it would be possible to rule without them.

The Great Odometer Mystery

by James Ridgeway

Three years ago an anonymous Canadian gentleman drove from Washington, D.C., to Florida in a rent-a-car. The bill seemed excessive, and he complained to Florida's Division of Standards that the rental agency was charging for more miles than he had traveled.

The Florida officials investigated. They tested 36 rental cars and found the odometer – the part of the speedometer that logs the mileage – overregistered in every car except one. The instruments were high by as much as 14 percent; 10 of the 36 cars showed an error of 6 percent or more.

The National Bureau of Standards provides states with technical assistance in such matters. And, taking up Florida's lead, the Bureau's Office of Weights and Measures in 1962 ran 48 cars, selected at random from rental agencies in the District of Columbia, over a

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rigorous test course. The odometers registered an average of 3.5 percent high.

The test cars were both popular and compact sizes. All were manufactured in the US. The tests showed that wet pavements and heavy loads would increase odometer error, while increased vehicle speed and increased tire pressure tended to decrease it. The error was higher in city traffic and lower on the open highways. Rental trucks also were checked, and while their odometers also registered high, the average error was one percent or less depending on highway conditions.

The car rental agencies said that like everyone else they bought autos from local dealers. The blame was on the manufacturers. And indeed, the manufacturers admitted setting the odometers high. The Society of Automotive Engineers, a technical advisory group to the industry, had odometer specifications which called for a setting between zero and plus five percent. While these specifications date from 1962, some people remember getting high odometer readings long before.

The Bureau of Standards persisted in trying to get the odometers set back to zero. The industry formed something called the Odometer Subcommittee of the Automobile Manufacturers Association to negotiate and there followed a great gnashing of teeth. The industry said it was impossible to set the odometer at zero because of terribly difficult engineering problems. Actually, sources at the Bureau of Standards indicate the change was relatively minor, involving putting more teeth on the gears that pick up revolutions from the transmission.

Safety was very much on the manufacturers' minds. "Since the odometer is part of the speedometer, it was better at 60 miles an hour to have the speedometer read a little bit high so if the fellow is misled, he's misled on the safe side," declared William Sherman, head of the AMA's engineering and technical division, at one point.

If in fact, speed really were a prime consideration, why not stop making autos that go faster and faster?

But the industry had some considerably more persuasive reasons for keeping odometers set high. Automobile and tire warranties are based partly on mileage. Manufacturers vie furiously with one another over tiny differences in gas consumption per mile. What would happen should the purchaser find out the mile really wasn't a mile at all?

The automobile manufacturers were dead set against a change. So the Bureau of Standards called up the Internal Revenue Service and asked them to estimate the amount of money the government was losing in tax revenues from 10-cents-a-mile gas deductions. It came to $40 million a year.

Last June, the industry through the AMA subcommittee agreed to go along with the Bureau's Conference on Weights and Measures and set odometers for an average zero error. This conference comprises state and local weights and measures officials. In 43 states, its decisions have the force of law. Because of the engineering changes involved, the new standards were postponed for six months. The industry promised that all vehicles made for rental agencies would meet the new standards beginning January 1 this year. Soon thereafter 90 percent of all other vehicles would have odometers set for an average zero error.

Rent-a-Car Overcharges

It is not entirely clear how the new odometer setting will affect the car rental industry. Rough estimates place the total number of miles traveled by rental cars in 1964 at 1.26 billion, and this may be on the low side. At 10 cents a mile, a usual rate, total overcharges to consumers last year would amount to $4.25 million. And that doesn't include trucks.

Big rental agencies replace their auto fleets with new cars each year. They buy heavily in September and October, the first two months of new model production. Other new cars are added during the first part of the year. Since the industry began turning out rental vehicles with recalibrated odometers January 1, 1965, it is conceivable that for the remainder of the year people will pay different amounts for the same distance depending on when the rental car was purchased.

There seems to be little interest in fixing the odometers on older vehicles; government sources indicate it might cost $5 or $10 for the part and the same amount for installation.

All of this poses some rather interesting questions for other government agencies. The Federal Trade Commission, for one, also has received complaints about odometers. It is supposed to protect the public from deceptive practices. But as usual, the Commission sits primly, hands folded in lap, looking neither to right nor left. Where was it all this time? Excessive odometer settings also might be of passing interest at the Interstate Commerce Commission, which approves interstate rates for buses and trucks. Such rates are set on the basis of mileage. Whose miles? In all frankness, the ICC says it really doesn't know. It turns out that most mileage figures are taken from state or county maps. New roads have been carefully surveyed, but to determine mileage on older roads, it is not uncommon to make an "odometer run," with a regular car, and its accuracy would, of course, depend on the setting in the instrument.

If odometers are off, are taxi meters also off? The Bureau of Standards doesn't think so. If licensing authorities are diligent, they can accurately adjust the meters against a measured mile.

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Dictatorship by a Minority?

The AMA – Vested Reaction

Undoubtedly the chief arbiter of medical care in the United States is the American Medical Association. Its pervasive influence extends into all ancillary areas: medical education, licensing, specialist certification, hospital accreditation, public health and hospital staff membership – to mention a few. The AMA supports an expensive and effective Washington lobby which exerts a powerful influence upon any health legislation.

An authoritarian approach has given an appearance of solidarity and strength to some of the operations of the AMA. Temporarily, at least, this approach has prevented the inclusion of physicians in Social Security coverage, even though there is clear evidence that a substantial majority of American doctors favor such coverage. The AMA House of Delegates has consistently neglected to poll the membership on important national questions (such as Social Security and Medicare), even though such polls would give a valid reflection of American medical opinion.

The AMA does not give editorial page space to opinions relating to the general problems of medical care other than the standard ones of which its Chicago office approves. How refreshing (and miraculous) it would be if the *AMA News* were to present a regular editorial column entitled "The Opposition Speaks!"

The particular appeal of the AMA is to the physician who does not enjoy intellectual exercise or freedom of ideas outside of a narrowly professional milieu. The appeal is also to the doctor who has a basic concern with the affluence which a busy practice may bring. This is not to suggest that ignorance of economics, history and sociology, or the itch for money, means that the doctor is professionally inept. On the contrary, many "good" doctors are also wealthy, and many are totally unconcerned with, and ignorant of, the social and economic problems of our era.

The cornerstone of the AMA's philosophy is that medicine is a private service affair, a professional and business interchange between doctor and patient. This view is reflected in the code of ethics of the AMA and its daughter organizations. Among these mores is one which makes it unethical for a physician, even with the highest of professional qualifications, to practice medicine *for a salary* for a non-profit community hospital. I am aware of no other human calling in which working for a salary is "unethical."

The guiding powers of the AMA have failed to understand that, whether we like it or not, medicine is becoming increasingly a public problem, a concern of the body politic and subject to the will of the electorate. The provision for the welfare, including medical care, of a growing population of the elderly can no longer be reasonably regarded as a private matter; the tragedy of the young wage-earner with cancer who requires expensive treatment and support for his family is not a private matter; prolonged psychiatric hospitalization is not a private matter; the education of the medical student (who one day will be a public servant in the highest sense) should not depend on private means or philanthropy. These are concepts foreign to the AMA.

The power of the AMA is real. Many hospitals (it would be enlightening to know just how many) require either AMA membership or eligibility before a doctor is accepted on the staff. It should be emphasized that this requirement of AMA membership is not a measure of professional competence, which is judged in more reliable ways by credentials committees. The young doctor entering professional life may well jeopardize his future by voicing opinions contrary to the sacred tenets of the AMA.

The AMA performs public functions (with respect to medical education, licensing, specialist certification, hospital accreditation, etc.); yet it has no responsibility to the electorate, and it will not even give voice to the dissident multitude in its own ranks. The control of medical practice and its ancillary areas should be a public trust, vested in a responsible federal agency; such control should not be in the hands of an authoritarian, reactionary organization concerned at bottom with its own aggrandizement and affluence.

The AMA could, I believe, become a leading force in whatever revisions in the scheme of medical care our society may require – now, and in the future. But it cannot become such a force if it continues its policy of reactionary opposition to new ideas in the social-economic sphere of medicine; if it continues its course of irresponsible authoritarianism toward its own membership; if it continues to act as a quasi-legal accreditation agency whose duty is wholly to the public, but which is not responsible to an electorate through democratic channels. Then it will degenerate in fact into what it now seems to be: a propagandizing political pressure group. As such it cannot serve America, or the world, well; and it will have no attractions for the better intellects which historically have graced our profession.

FREDERICK P. BECKER, MD

DR. BECKER *is director of the department of pathology of Manchester Memorial Hospital in Connecticut.*

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McNamara's Latest Reform

Why His National Guard Scheme Won't Work

by S. L. A. Marshall

For the few of us who make a career of studying military policy, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara's move to cannibalize the Army Reserve by passing its bones and skin to the National Guard is much less disturbing than the fact that all press and public discussion of it remains on a superficial plane.

Certain features of his program merited general applause and got it. Yes, it is a good thing to forbid the use or misuse of military aircraft by junketing Congressmen. But let it be noted in passing that the money saved that way is a drop in the bucket compared to what is squandered annually by the military professionals, secretaries and senior staff members on trips abroad which serve no essential purpose. They, too, hearken to the call of far places and are tempted by per diem, and little restraint is exercised over them.

In launching his reform, the Secretary talked as if he were merging two rather run-down corporate institutions, alike in nature, filling the same role as a back-up to the standing Army, and for these reasons obsolescent. The crux of his case for merging them was that it would yield greater strength for less money.

In praise of the Secretary, Joseph Alsop wrote: "Both the National Guard and the Reserves have been notoriously expensive, out of date and unready for any rational role in modern war." This came from Arthur Krock: "The Army Reserve is not even geared to the Second World War combat plan, outmoded by the current contingency war plans."

Still, I have not seen in the national press any analysis or criticism of the Secretary's design which takes a more considered view. The reaction is a loud hurrah. Though the militia is older than the original 13 states and the Reserve has done service through 50 violent years, they continue to be regarded as Mike and Ike who look alike.

The illusion persists not only because they are both civilian components whose members wear the same green uniform when doing part-time soldiering. The civilian eye sees mainly their tactical structures, which are always the more obvious side of the military. The main body of the National Guard forms in field divisions. Part of the organized Reserve is also tactical, though its combat parts are hardly more than cadres to be used as training establishments in a large national emergency.

These should have a common training standard, since their purposes run roughly parallel. Conceivably, they could be merged with some gain to the economy, if not an over-all increase in readiness. It remains true, however, that most of the superior line officers in the Reserve want no part of the National Guard.

As with an iceberg, the significant part of the Reserve is under the surface. Since World War I, the Reserve has been a system through which the most highly trained specialists in the country could be retained on a standby basis, subject to immediate call-up.

This reservoir includes nuclear physicists, photo interpreters, surgeons, political administrators, movie directors, historians, bankers, pipeline engineers, cartographers, airline, steamship and railway executives, to mention a few of several hundred categories. Many are masters in their fields, commanding big money. They stay committed only because of the appeal of national service.

The Regular Army cannot begin to train officers to take over these specialties, and it cannot engage in large wartime activities without calling them up. The National Guard has no need for any such array of talent, and it is unbelievable that an expanded National Guard could begin successfully to recruit such men.

They would shrug off liability to national wartime service through the Guard precisely because it is primarily state-administered, state-controlled and state-exploited. The National Guard Bureau, and the rest of the federal apparatus, have little or no influence, finally, in determining who will head up the Guard establishment through the 50 states. No top-flight specialist or executive feels drawn to a system in which mediocrity triumphs through seniority, and political acceptability outweighs military competence.

On the other hand, if Mr. McNamara and Army Secretary Stephen Ailes believe that these same men

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S. L. A. MARSHALL *is a retired Brigadier General and military affairs critic who has written many books.*

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will long stay hitched to a bodiless Reserve, they are mistaken. Every great specialist I have known in the services was also by nature a leader, a commander.

All of this ground has been covered before at the highest official level. What Mr. McNamara is now doing is exactly what the Defense Department, after a much longer look at the complexity of the problem, said in 1948 would be unthinkable for the Army.

I refer to the work of the committee headed by Gordon Gray, then Assistant Secretary of the Army. Whether because the Gray Board Report has been buried under an avalanche of Pentagon paper, or is purposefully forgotten because it is embarrassing, there has been not one reference to it during the current discussion.

National Guard Killed It

The Gray Board Report was killed by the resentment and resistance of the National Guard and the resulting political backlash. The offending passages voted "no confidence" in the National Guard system, although the country was only three years past a great war in which Guard divisions had performed with high credit. According to the committee, that record was attributable solely to their having been federalized for two years before they got into battle. The committee concluded that to serve satisfactorily in its accepted national role, "the National Guard must be directly under federal control."

Such control does not today exist and Mr. McNamara is not recommending it, because the proposal would again trigger organized opposition by the National Guard Association and state governments. His reform is welcomed by the National Guard because over-all its prestige and position will be enhanced.

The main change in the National Guard through the 17 years since the Gray Board Report is that recruits must be basically trained by US Army standards and under federal direction before being assigned to units. That does not elevate the requirement for officership. In 1948 the majority of Guard officers had won their spurs in war. Today, only about one in 40 is a combat-proved leader. Yet Mr. McNamara has expressed confidence that the Guard, filled by the remnants of the Reserve, can be advanced to a state of near-readiness, with no change in the line of authority and no increase in drill and field training time. The existing requirement is approximately half of what training experts in all Western armies believe is the minimum to keep the force relatively primed.

Clearly the Gray Board and McNamara views of the National Guard potential are diametrically opposed. Possibly, therefore, the credentials of the 1948 committee now should be more carefully scrutinized, and some of its observations should be worth quoting.

This was a unified committee, established by and reporting to the late James V. Forrestal, first Secretary of Defense. The six-man panel was formed of one Secretary and one senior officer from Army, Navy and Air Force. General Raymond S. McLain and Admiral William M. Fechteler were the two best-known professional members. McLain was the most brilliant soldier to come up from the National Guard in this century. Fechteler became Chief of Naval Operations.

The committee deliberated six months, heard 93 witnesses, one-third of them senior Guard officers, studied statements from 319 experts, lawmakers, commanders, etc., and wrote a 211-page report. That neglected booklet covered every aspect of civilian component problems in the several services. What is hereafter quoted is limited to remarks about the Guard, since at present nothing else is at issue.

"The National Guard does not repose authority where responsibilities rest. No state governor has any direct responsibility for national security. None is answerable to the national government."

"Army and Air Force have no positive means of control over the National Guard. They have negative control only. If an officer is unsatisfactory, they can withhold his federal recognition. They cannot exercise initiative to supply a satisfactory one."

"Army and Air Force can approach the state governors only through the National Guard Bureau. Questions of high import as to control, organization and training are resolved by informal agreements and tacit understandings between state and federal officials. These agreements have no validity in law and may be abrogated by any governor at will."

"These expedients, resulting from dual control, produce a constant turmoil of bickering, recrimination, factionalism and stalemate."

"A state governor can abolish or disorganize the National Guard by a number of executive acts. He can cancel the commissions of officers of the Guard without explanation or trial. He can appoint state officers to command federally recognized troops."

"The federal government is without authority to take the initiative to restore the damage."

Nothing has changed. These words are as applicable as if they were written this morning. In the Guard, far more than in the Regular Army, inveteracy and influence are the determinants of high rank. The few great generals such as McLain who have risen through the Guard system are the accidental exceptions. So it is that a colonel, relieved because he failed his regiment under fire, shows up later as a major-general commanding the establishment. The same thing happened to a former battalion commander who was pushed aside during the Second World War for failing his troops in

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a desperate night action. There are other such stories.

The question is how a high level of performance by troops is to be expected when eligibility for top command is not determined by a superior standard. For its intended role – a security force serving the state and giving the nation a broader spread of manpower accustomed to arms – the Guard is a reasonably efficient and progressive instrument. Remaining unexplained is how it may be reformed to a purpose for which it was never intended.

One main object of change, according to Mr. McNamara, is dollar economy, though contemplated saving of $100 million is small change when measured against today's budget. Surely there must be better logic than that behind the new design. But what kind of future emergency may be imagined to justify maintaining such a large Army with so small a Reserve – the giant spearhead – the frail shaft for the follow-through? It would not meet the needs of a Korea-type war. That conflict compelled us to mobilize more than twice as many soldiers as will be in the Army and Reserve now programmed. We weathered the crisis of that war only because of the size of the Reserve.

Pentagon strategists are inclined to worry more about the extremes of the spectrum – brushfire threats and the full-scale nuclear exchange. If the planned establishment were intended to ease our anxieties about either or both, there would be less reason to feel that what is being substituted for slackness is not a genuine reform but actually a mere counting-house tidying up.

Well, then, it should be pikestaff plain that we do not need a 17-18 division Army to feed only a few detachments into Vietnam. No less clearly, the bulk of that Army does not deter Communist guerrillas in Asia, Africa or elsewhere. So far as the brushfire threat is concerned, we could do without any Reserve and save still more money.

On the other hand, should there be nuclear war, we would need a vast ready Reserve to have any chance for recovery. The mass of the Regular Army is based in the South. The industrial cities of the North would be the main and decisive targets. Confronted by a problem of such magnitude, a Reserve of one-half million men, even if it were concentrated in the stricken areas rather than deployed over the 50 states, would simply dissolve into the ruin. One can only conclude that if the Secretary, as administrative chief of civilian defense, were primarily concerned with the Army's police role in a nuclear disaster, he would perforce work for a larger, better-trained Reserve than ever before and would point it in a new direction, as Canada has done.

Asked his ideas about the McNamara program, Harry S. Truman, a one-time Guardsman who became Commander-in-Chief, said: "I don't think it is practical." If it is not what it professes to be, and cannot develop the values claimed for it, those words sum up the main objections neatly enough.

A Trip to China – III

by Ross Terrill

Peking

One of the most striking things here is the encounter with other visitors: especially "political" visitors who are either ferociously friendly toward China – the ones I met were from Mali, Guinea, Zanzibar and Cuba – or whom the Chinese government is aiming to get into such a condition–notably, at the moment, Indonesians, and Africans from Uganda, Kenya and Ghana. It must be said that most of the Chinese schemes for winning ferocious friendship seem to misfire. Political visitor after political visitor relates his boredom, more or less regretful, with the eternal round of monuments, textile factories, communes and palaces.

At the same time, one can easily underestimate the impact of the *over-all* program of "cultural imperialism" which China is mounting, especially in the direction of Africa. It is being done with energy and passion, and it starts with one immense advantage: China, like the African states and a number of the Asian states, is poor, recently free from European rule, and racially non-white, and hence her political mood often makes more sense to the angry young African or Asian than the political mood of comfortable, sophisticated Western societies. Almost one-third of China's 48 embassies are located in Africa. Eight years ago there were none.

There were trumpets for a "goodwill mission" from Kenya led by a man of Cabinet rank, and for literally dozens of other, somewhat similar delegations. At a

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lower level, there was a group of 75 Algerian children, "sons and daughters of martyrs of the Algerian War of National Liberation," who were in China "for their summer holiday." While I was following the Peking press, a trade and payments agreement was signed with the Congo (Brazzaville); an agreement on economic and technical cooperation was signed with Ghana; and an agreement on cooperation between news agencies, with Algeria.

The Chinese are unused to single visitors, especially Western visitors. I quote the following from my diary: "I am told by the French [who ought to know] that the Chinese are very good at making plans for groups, within limits imposed by the relentless propagandistic thrust of the whole enterprise. With me as an individual, however, they are not efficient. For one thing, they are surprised when I ask to see a particular *person*, as distinct from a particular *place;* you are meant, apparently, to see the city of Peking but not the *life* of the city of Peking – a somewhat limited conception of international contact for a 'people's government.' For another thing, they expect me to be rich. Yesterday when I said with quiet fervor that I could not afford $19.60 to taxi to a commune, they were astonished."

But I too could be astonished, as at a memorable experience with the higher delights of Peking cuisine. A Canadian journalist played the host for dinner at a restaurant which I think was called "Great Concentrated Morality." You approach its private dining rooms through a most unpromising front, then go down a long corridor-veranda which seems to be part of the working quarters. Such famous dishes as Peking roast duck, red-cooked shark's fins, fish in lotus-leaves, and rinsed sliced lamb, seem to be just as proudly and just as expertly offered as ever. We gorged ourselves on all manner of delights – some 30 dishes in all – the climax being the dramatic entry of the Peking duck, an enormous bird with its long neck curled up. You eat the skin first, then serve yourself with a main portion, then scramble for the very tasty morsels that survive the two principal assaults. The whole enterprise was so diverting that while it lasted no meaningful conversation could take place: all eyes were focused on the succulent bird, and every greasy finger was employed in dismembering it.

I found the wine too sweet, with the flavor of coconuts, but I must say that the Chinese make an excellent martini – it is milder by far than an American martini, with a fine flavor, and served ice-cold.

One of the things which struck me about the gathering (it included the two other Western journalists working in Peking, and staff from Western and Asian embassies) was the stoic attitude of those who had been in Peking for some time. One girl was prepared to rank Peking below Baghdad "on the ladder of foreign postings," and someone else gave it equal, last place with Canberra. None of them thought it a pleasant city to live in. Their reasons have little bearing on what life in Peking is like for its true inhabitants, but they do convey something about the relations between China and the West. The complaints were: isolation from the Chinese, the lack of "night-life," the wearisomeness of constant propaganda against the West, isolation from the world beyond China, and the heat of the summer. It was not claimed that Westerners are discriminated against in the daily round of living; but it is undoubted that the African (especially) and the Asian are simply more important in the Chinese scheme of things and consequently are treated to much more inside contact and a much greater show of warmth, than Westerners. That leaves Westerners more time for their beloved tennis, and for billiards.

Among the journalists, the three Westerners are never granted interviews with top men in the government – though others are – nor do they have the opportunity of press conferences. This means that they are dependent on the Hsinhua (English-language) news agency release, a bloodcurdling daily broadsheet, and it is a moot point in the newspaper world whether one is better off in Peking, with the wraps on in this fashion, or in Hong Kong. In my opinion, those in Peking are better off. There are many matters known to them, yet only speculated upon by the "China-watchers," quite apart from the enormous impressionistic value of being on the spot. For example, among Hong Kong journalists there was talk of Mao being very ill the very week when Peking journalists observed him on two occasions at the Peking opera.

The account given by one journalist of the response in Peking to the assassination of President Kennedy conveys something of what the isolation and the anti-Western, especially anti-American, propaganda must mean. Only two references to the event appeared in the Peking press. One was a cartoon showing the President "biting the dust," and the other was a photograph of some Chinese children cheering at the news. (The English-language *Peking Review*, published for distribution abroad, did not even mention the assassination in its list of world "events of the week.") There was absolutely no report of the funeral, or the statements of world leaders, or of the massive attention which the tragedy received in almost every country. My journalist friend gave it as his opinion that the Chinese leaders later realized that this appalling response to the assassination was a mistake. Certainly it was noticeable that the death of Nehru – who for a couple of years had been included in the "imperialist camp" – was treated with considerable respect.

This is the third of four reports.

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Foreign Aid and the Liberal Dissent

by Isaiah Frank

Ever since the United States began to provide economic assistance to less developed countries, the program has been under sharp attack. Traditional opponents continue to denounce the giveaway of taxpayers' money, the bleeding of the American economy and the encouragement of socialism abroad. But this familiar refrain has in recent years been joined by expressions of doubt and frustration by others, by men who ought to be for foreign aid but who have lost heart. *The New Republic* is scarcely the place to have to defend foreign aid against its traditional detractors, but readers of the magazine ought to be deeply concerned with what it is that troubles men of goodwill about the present state of the program.

In seeking to gauge the extent of the recent disquiet, one discovers a curious fact. The complaints have not come widely from liberal individuals or groups across the country who feel that something has now gone wrong with foreign aid. Their enthusiasm may have declined but by and large doubts have not been expressed openly. The opposition has rather been concentrated among members of Congress who have supported the program in the past but who each year find it more and more difficult to defend its complex workings and to assess its results. A private individual, well-disposed toward the general idea of helping the poor of other lands, can shrug off the technicalities as not really his business. But a conscientious Congressman, who must vote on billions of dollars in appropriations and who must speak to the doubts and questions of both his constituents and opposing legislators, cannot rest his case on repeated assertions that the national interest is being served.

Because the annual battle for foreign aid appropriations has been going on practically since the end of the Second World War, a widespread case of combat fatigue has set in on Capitol Hill. As in any long-drawn-out struggle, the fighters have grown weary and bored. Even toward the end of the Eisenhower Administration, when Senator Fulbright rose to introduce the foreign aid bill, he declared: "I do not, it will be noticed, leap to my feet ablaze with excitement and enthusiasm. . . ." And last month the Senator threw in the towel as manager of the foreign aid bill in the Senate. Although objecting specifically to the continued inclusion of both military and economic aid in a single bill, it was clear that he was tired of going through the whole dreary chore year after year. "I have served my time on this kind of bill," he declared. "If they want to pursue that same kind, they ought to turn it over to someone else, someone who is fresher and more enthusiastic than I am."

Most Congressmen accept the official statement of the objectives of our foreign aid – to further US security by helping other countries maintain their independence and develop into self-supporting nations. They also realize that our security interest in the developing countries is far broader than simply fighting Communism and that economic aid, in serving this interest, also satisfies strong humanitarian impulses of the American people.

But where are the results, ask the Congressmen. Why, despite huge amounts of aid, have major countries continued to be wracked by turbulence, subversion and economic stagnation? In reply, they are offered the cold comfort that the program's results can in most cases be realized only over the long run and that in many areas the situation may get worse before it gets better. And when will it all end? As of today, the Administration can only promise that, as AID Administrator David E. Bell said last month, "the concept of temporary assistance . . . is a feasible idea." But how temporary no one can say. The truth is that the need for foreign aid will be with us for a long time. Although individual developing countries may soon be off the list because self-sustained growth will have been achieved, the total need for economic assistance over the next decade will be greater than ever before. With no end of the road in sight, the tedious and protracted annual congressional debate generates an atmosphere of impatience and frustration within which a rational assessment of the economic assistance program can scarcely take place.

This situation is compounded by the fact that roughly half the $3,250 million in the 1964 Foreign Assistance Act is not intended primarily for economic development assistance but rather for direct security purposes. (Military assistance, supporting assistance, and the contingency fund are included in the security category.) The aid bill as a whole, therefore, becomes a focus of attack for those who, like Senators Wayne

ISAIAH FRANK *is Clayton Professor of International Economics at Johns Hopkins.*

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Morse and Frank Church, question the conduct of our foreign policy in such places as Vietnam, Laos, Korea or Taiwan, where a large share of the military assistance goes. Moreover, the economic development component of the foreign aid bill bears the brunt of the attack on foreign economic aid as a whole, even though it constitutes only about $1,700 million out of a total US economic aid program of $4,000 million. Most of the rest consists of programs that are closely tied to domestic interests in the United States – shipments of surplus agricultural products which are now an integral element of our domestic farm support program, and Export-Import Bank loans designed to further export of American machinery and other capital goods.

In short, any dissatisfaction with the scale of our economic aid effort as a whole tends to concentrate on the most politically vulnerable part of it – namely, the development assistance funds appropriated for the Agency for International Development (AID).

Four Major Criticisms

With this general background, let us examine four major criticisms of the economic aid program as synthesized out of the welter of objections and charges most commonly put forward by liberals in Congress.

Charge number one is that the aid program is too big. Too big not in terms of the US ability to afford a program amounting to less than two-thirds of one percent of its gross national product, but rather in terms of the ability of the receiving countries to use the funds effectively. Today, it is charged, we provide aid indiscriminately to almost 100 countries, regardless of whether promises of social reform and self-help measures are fulfilled. Much of the aid never reaches the ordinary people but ends up in the pockets (or the Swiss bank accounts) of the oligarchies.

In line with this concern, Senator Ernest Gruening has put forward a list of 10 criteria which should be "rigidly adhered to" in determining which countries are worthy of receiving US foreign economic assistance. Among them are an efficient government and trained administrators; an austere budget and a readiness to sacrifice for future economic growth; assurance of an equitable share of the benefits of development to workers and peasants; absence of capital flight; a workable long-range development plan; and tax and land reform measures. If only these criteria were followed, we could discontinue aid to many recipients and substantially cut down the size of the total program.

The trouble with this approach is that it rests on a basic misconception of the very nature of the problem our government faces in the underdeveloped parts of the world. If a country fully satisfied the Gruening preconditions for assistance, the chances are that it would not need any outside aid at all. It would probably be well on its way to self-sustained growth simply with the help of whatever external capital would be forthcoming on normal commercial terms.

Our concern is with promoting growth and stability in those countries which, precisely because they have in varying degrees lacked the attributes enumerated by Senator Gruening, have become victims of stagnation and frustration and are promising breeding grounds for subversion, violence and chaos. It is true that in situations of this kind, aid, viewed purely as a net addition to a country's resources, would be equivalent to pouring money down a rathole. But there *are* underdeveloped countries where governments are determined to battle against the obstacles to development, and where an aid program can be a means of getting involved in their struggle. Through an assistance program we can supply not only capital and skills but also the moral support needed to withstand and overcome resistance to change on the part of entrenched domestic interest groups. In many cases, it is only with such support that progress can be made toward the social and political transformation implied by the Gruening preconditions. And we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that this process of change is bound to be accompanied by inefficiencies in the use of resources.

Nevertheless, it is legitimate to ask whether the program as a whole would not benefit from a greater degree of country selectivity. Currently, 76 developing countries are receiving AID economic assistance and a larger number when other forms of aid are included. Surely there must be a significant number of countries in this group where the prospects for development and the realistic possibilities of exerting effective influence are so limited as to call into question the rationale for US assistance. There may also be a certain institutional sluggishness in phasing out a program even where the case for withdrawal is recognized.

The fact is, however, that the general desirability of concentrating the aid effort has been fully accepted by AID, and the wholesale congressional charges of "scatteration" have been met in extensive testimony by the Administration. The bulk of AID funds goes to only a small fraction of the 76 recipient countries. Specifically, 50 percent of all AID economic assistance is received by seven countries – Chile, Colombia, Nigeria, Tunisia, Turkey, Pakistan and India – where the prospects for growth are promising. At the other extreme there are some 37 countries, accounting for only 10 percent of total AID economic assistance, where the US has quite limited programs.

Conditions in some of the latter countries may well warrant US withdrawal as soon as existing programs can be phased out. In others, although we may not be

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able to work effectively with present governments, we can accomplish useful results in selected sectors while maintaining at small cost a US presence in the country. In still others, favorable conditions for growth may exist but the US aid program is merely supplementary to more substantial assistance by other donors.

Apart from the question of the distribution of US aid, how large should the program be in total? In last year's hearings Senator Morse complained that although the number of countries receiving help had fallen by 10, no commensurate cut was made in the Administration's request for new funds. The Senator's assumption that needs elsewhere did not increase is, however, quite at variance with recent official and unofficial estimates of aid requirements.

Although the estimates vary a good deal, they tend to suggest that, if the poorer countries of the world are to achieve a per capita annual increase in real income of about 2.5 percent, they will require by 1975 external capital from all sources equal to at least twice the present inflow of about $8 billion. Part of the reason for the rapidly growing need is the expectation that, even with satisfactory internal performance, the essential import needs of the developing countries will outstrip their capacity to finance those needs through the growth of their exports. And part of the reason for the anticipated lag in their exports is the restrictive commercial policies of the advanced countries – as exemplified by US import quotas on sugar, lead, zinc and cotton textiles.

Charge number two is that the US continues to give aid to countries which threaten war against their neighbors, oppose us in the United Nations, or otherwise adopt foreign policy measures counter to our interests. In some instances, it is claimed, our economic aid has freed domestic resources for use in military adventures disruptive to international peace and security. Among the countries cited in connection with these charges are Syria, Brazil under Goulart, and most consistently Indonesia and the United Arab Republic.

In the forthcoming aid hearings the spotlight will undoubtedly be on the UAR. In the last few weeks of 1964 an American library was burned in Cairo, an American oil company plane was shot down over UAR territory and UAR officials announced arms shipments to the Congolese rebels while telling the United States to jump in the lake with its aid program. What was the US response? No suggestion of cutting down existing aid, consisting primarily of $143 million in surplus food. Instead, the US postponed until 1965 a decision as to whether to give the UAR $35 million more in surplus food over and above the existing level.

According to *The New York Times* of December 29, the Administration strategy was as follows: "Washington is holding back on a decision until it sees what

"From Now On It'll Be Skimmed."

course President Nasser intends to pursue in his relations with the US. By delaying, but not slamming the door on the request, the Administration obviously hopes to steer President Nasser away from the apparent anti-American course he has taken. However, the Administration is deliberately not emphasizing the diplomatic bargaining aspects of the delay. President Nasser is extremely sensitive to the suggestion that American aid is conditioned on Cairo's behavior and the State Department does not want to complicate already frayed relations by openly treating the surplus food request as a bargaining lever."

The Administration's sensitivity to President Nasser's feelings will have to be weighed against the likely effect of this type of strategy on the fate of the aid bill as a whole. It is a safe guess that more than a few Senators may turn out to be lacking in the sophistication required to appreciate why an additional $35 million of aid is likely to alter President Nasser's course when $143 million has so signally failed to do so. In any case, a lot of questions are going to be asked about the probable results of cutting off aid to the UAR and precisely how the consequent situation is likely to be worse than the present one.

We are told that the benefits of the US assistance program must be viewed in long-term perspective – in

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the gradual strengthening of the political independence and economic performance of the recipient countries and the consequent contribution of aid to peace and stability in the world. So long as countries show a determination to preserve their independence and promote their economic growth, the US should assist them without expecting short-run compliance with its wishes in foreign affairs. Without necessarily disputing this doctrine, a number of Senators are going to want to know why the US is precluded from using this particular instrument of foreign policy more boldly to press for conformity to certain elementary standards of responsible international conduct.

Charge number three is that the aid program is poorly administered, primarily in the sense that much of the money is advanced in the form of "program loans." As stated by Senator Morse, "*project* loans finance the importing of commodities for specific projects whose soundness can be verified by AID officials; but *program* loans go to balance accounts and finance imports in general. In many countries these include imports that contribute nothing to local development."

It is true that a large portion of the development loan funds advanced by AID are not tied to specific projects like dams or cement plants, and that the so-called program approach is the predominant form of assistance for countries like India, Pakistan, Nigeria and Brazil which are among the largest aid recipients. But it is an optical illusion to believe that because project aid provides visible or tangible results, it necessarily makes a greater contribution to growth than does program support.

From the development point of view, the crucial question is not how specific aid funds are used, but rather what effect provision of these funds has on total disposition of resources in the receiving country. If a country has a well-articulated development plan consisting of a series of capital projects to be undertaken in a particular time sequence, the financing of one of these projects through foreign aid may not affect the country's investment program at all. If the project falls within the country's scale of priorities for the use of its own resources, the consequence of providing foreign assistance for the project is simply to free an equivalent volume of domestic resources for some other purpose. Although it may appear, therefore, that the donor is financing the equipment for an electric power plant, he may in fact be permitting the country to step up its volume of imports of consumer goods.

In general, where a country is in the early stages of growth and does not possess an operable development plan, the case is strong for following a project approach. Such a country is likely to have inadequate control over the use of its resources and program support is quite apt to be dissipated. Project assistance, however, will at least provide close control over a small portion of available investment resources and foreign exchange. At the other extreme, for a country like India with an internationally accepted development plan and a good record of performance, the program approach is an effective way of providing aid. It substitutes for the narrower project control an over-all understanding with the country as to its use of resources under government control, including the foreign exchange needed to carry out the development program.

In practice, AID recognizes that the wisest course for many countries is a blend of the two types of assistance. Each has certain disadvantages that can be minimized when combined with the other. Project aid tends to overemphasize public sector activities and large schemes. Exclusive reliance on program aid, on the other hand, may tend to establish a politically frozen level of aid, and would sacrifice the public relations advantages of separately identifiable, successful aid-financed projects. But regardless of the blend of aid used, it is clear that many Congressmen will continue to be suspicious of program assistance unless a much greater effort is made to explain its rationale.

"Feckless Generosity"

Charge number four is that other affluent nations take a back seat when it comes to helping poorer countries. As a result, the US is forced to assume a disproportionate share of the aid burden. In the words of Senator Morse, "our so-called allies are permitted to shirk their responsibilities because of our often feckless generosity."

Discussions of burden-sharing inevitably get complicated because of the need to specify precisely what burden one is talking about, and because of the difficulty of commensurating assistance that is conveyed in a variety of different forms. If, for example, one includes military assistance to the developing countries on the periphery of the Communist world, the US share of free-world assistance increases substantially. Other countries have not accepted responsibility for the defense of these areas and we are the only large-scale provider of military aid to them. If, on the other hand, only economic development assistance is included, the US share would appear to amount to about 60 percent of the total, a proportion just about equal to the US share of the total gross national product of the aid-contributing countries of the free world. Among other countries, France contributes a substantially larger share of its national income than the US; most other countries contribute a smaller share.

These figures, however, can only be viewed as the roughest approximations. Again with the exception of France, US aid is conveyed on more liberal terms than

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that of other countries. Most of our aid is in the form of grants and low-interest, long-term loans, whereas a substantial proportion of aid from other countries is in the form of loans of shorter maturity and higher interest rates. Over the period 1961-63, however, Western European countries have increased their commitments and generally softened their terms, whereas US commitments have not risen and our lending terms have progressively hardened. In any event, over a third of all US economic aid is in the form of shipments of surplus farm products, a form of assistance that can hardly be viewed as a burden or sacrifice since it is largely a by-product of farm support programs.

In short, so far as economic aid is concerned, the facts do not lend support to the charge that the US is carrying an undue share of the load.

Most signs indicate that the US foreign economic aid program is in trouble. In an undertaking of such complexity and scope there are bound to be mistakes and false starts. But the program is in trouble not because it suffers from basic defects of conception, policy or administration. Nor is it in trouble because of a lack of success in achieving its basic purposes. Economic growth in the less developed world as a whole since 1950 has been at an unprecedented rate of 4.2 percent per year. Even on a per capita basis, the rate of growth of about two percent per year has been an impressive achievement in the perspective of history. And in most countries, growth has been accompanied by some improvement in the lot of the ordinary man and by the strengthening of national independence.

The aid program is in trouble because both sides – the Administration and Congress – are tired of the annual cycle of preparation, presentation and hearings on authorizations and appropriations extending over the entire congressional session. It is unlikely, moreover, that the prospects for appropriations would be improved by merely following Senator William Fulbright's suggestion of separating economic and military aid requests into different pieces of legislation. Representative Thomas Morgan may be right in believing that this strategy by itself would be apt to expose economic aid to even bigger cuts than in the past. In order to rescue the aid program, its most vulnerable part must somehow be removed from the annual battle for survival on Capitol Hill.

I suggest that serious consideration be given to turning over, to the World Bank's International Development Association (IDA), development loan funds now administered by AID. In the current fiscal year, these amount to $774 million. This sum is not intended to be used as a slush fund for short-term political objectives but as a development fund for long-term, low-interest loans similar in purpose to those made by IDA.

The United States is already contributing $100 million a year to IDA against a three-year commitment, a sum equal to approximately 40 percent of total annual contributions to IDA by all individual country donors. The extent of the proposed additional contribution would be conditioned on matching grants by other countries. Equally important would be at least the retention of the present practice of three-year commitments to IDA but, preferably, the lengthening of the commitment period in the future.

World Bank's Good Image

I see advantages in a move along the following lines:

1. The development loan funds are the most vulnerable component of the aid program. To the extent that they can be shifted to IDA, on a multi-year commitment basis of at least three years, the program as a whole will be better protected from the congressional chopping-block. In general, the World Bank group has achieved an excellent public image and has been relatively free from the carping criticism to which AID has been subjected.

2. Even in the unlikely event that all development loan funds could, under the specified conditions, be shifted to IDA, the US would still be left with the bulk of its development aid program administered on a bilateral basis. As a minimum, the bilateral program would then include virtually all agricultural-commodity assistance, Export-Import Bank loans, funds for the Alliance for Progress and a substantial amount of technical assistance. By and large, these programs have been less controversial than development lending. There would also remain supporting assistance and the contingency fund, but these funds are so closely linked to military programs or short-range political objectives that they can scarcely be regarded as development aid.

3. IDA's current policy is to lend at extremely liberal terms: 50 years, three-quarters of one percent interest, and 10-year grace periods for repayment of principal. To the extent that a US offer to shift its development loan funds to the IDA induces other countries to do likewise, it will accelerate the present tendency of our allies to soften the average term of their total development contribution.

4. In sensitive political situations, the IDA may be able to press more effectively for necessary changes in internal economic policies than the US government. Recipient countries tend to react with less resentment to tough conditions on the use of aid when imposed by international institutions than when insisted upon by bilateral donors.

Despite advantages, one cannot be sanguine that this proposal would find ready acceptability. While Congress has been sharply critical of the administration of our assistance on a bilateral basis, it has not shown an

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equivalent eagerness to relinquish US control over large portions of the development lending program. Approval of the US contribution to last year's replenishment of IDA funds was obtained only with great difficulty. But attitudes can be changed and a major effort to convince Congress to move along the lines proposed here may well pay off.

However, no change of this sort, or any other organizational rearrangement, is likely to be effective in bringing forth the necessary funds unless the full weight of the President's prestige is placed squarely behind the development assistance program. We need more of the spirit generated by President Johnson when he spoke on April 21, 1964, to a group of editors and broadcasters in the Rose Garden of the White House. Referring to foreign aid, he said:

"Because of what we call it, and because of how it has been administered, and because it is far away, we don't realize that this investment is not only one of the most Christian acts that this great, powerful rich country could do, but it is an act of necessity if we are to preserve our image in the world and our leadership in the world and, most of all, our society.... No President who looks beyond the immediate problems which crowd his desk can fail to extend the hand and heart of the country to those who are struggling elsewhere."

Pork Barrel Science

Four years ago, a distinguished advisory panel of the US Public Health Service concluded that air and water pollution and other environmental health hazards had become sufficiently dangerous to warrant the establishment of a major research center devoted to their study. No one disagreed with the recommendation, not even fiscal conservatives who normally look with distrust upon any proposal to expand federal activities. The cranberry debacle, the chemical massacres of fish and the smog screens visible in many American cities had eliminated doubts that environmental health was an urgent and legitimate concern for government financed research. If any legislative proposal could reasonably anticipate quick congressional approval, it was the proposal to set up an Environmental Health Center, with an estimated price tag of $60 million.

However, the backers didn't reckon with the fact that in Congress's eyes, science has joined public works and defense as objects for pork barrel manipulation. While the members shared the PHS's conviction that it was important to have the Environmental Health Center built, they violently parted company with the PHS and with each other on *where* it should be built. As a result, it still isn't built.

The PHS contended that the Washington, D. C., area would be the best site, because it would put the center close to a broad array of medical research facilities and to PHS headquarters. But Congress is increasingly sensitive to constituents' complaints that the East and West coasts get the bulk of the federal government's investment in research and development, which last year totaled over $15 billion. In fact, it liked the PHS's choice so little that eventually it took the extraordinary step of prescribing that the center may be placed no closer than 50 miles to Washington, D. C.

During the Kennedy Administration, the White House seemed to waver between Washington and North Carolina, with the latter coming on strong just prior to Kennedy's death, apparently in line with efforts to build the late President's election fortunes in the South. But the PHS wasn't happy about North Carolina, and, after Johnson succeeded to the White House, it began to plug for a return to Washington. Meanwhile, more than 50 Senators and Congressmen barraged the White House and the PHS with briefs in behalf of their areas. At the end of the last session of Congress, the impasse had become so great that the House Appropriations Committee accused the executive of "procrastination, indecision, and confusion." It turned down a request for $2.7 million for planning the center, and directed the PHS to come up with "firmer plans" and "better evidence of . . . cooperation."

The PHS has now come forth with what can best be described as a political-technical solution. Since the project has been stalled by too many parties competing for the same plum, the PHS has proposed that the plum be divided into three parts: North Carolina will get the main part of the center; additional facilities for studying water pollution will be added to the Robert A. Taft Sanitary Engineering Center, in Cincinnati; and a new and heretofore undiscussed portion will be established in West Virginia to study environmental health problems peculiar to the Appalachian region.

Whether Congress will buy this Solomon-like decision remains to be seen. But the White House science advisers, who regularly must contend with pork barrel intrusions into the management of research, appear to be relatively pleased. As one of them put it: "It's been cut into only three parts. It could have been worse."

Daniel S. Greenberg

Mr. Greenberg *writes a column for* Science *magazine.*

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Roethke: Poet of Transformations

by Stanley Kunitz

In the myth of Proteus we are told that at midday he rose from the flood and slept in the shadow of the rocks of the coast. Around him lay the monsters of the deep, whom he was charged with tending. He was famous for his gift of prophecy, but it was a painful art, which he was reluctant to employ. The only way anyone could compel him to foretell the future was by pouncing on him while he slept in the open. It was in order to escape the necessity of prophesying that he changed his shape, from lion to serpent to panther to swine to running water to fire to leafy tree – a series of transformations that corresponds with the seasons of the sacred king in his passage from birth to death. If he saw that his struggles were useless, he resumed his ordinary appearance, spoke the truth and plunged back into the sea.

A lifework that embodied the metamorphic principle was abruptly terminated on August 1, 1963, when Theodore Roethke died, in his fifty-fifth year, while swimming at Bainbridge Island, Washington. He was the first American bardic poet since Whitman who did not spill out in prolix and shapeless vulgarity, for he had cunning to match his daemonic energy and he had schooled himself so well in the formal disciplines that he could turn even his stammerings into art. If the transformations of his experience resist division into mineral, vegetable, and animal categories, it is because the levels are continually overlapped, intervolved, in the manifold tissue. Roethke's imagination is populated with shapeshifters, who turn into the protagonists of his poems. Most of these protagonists are aspects of the poet's own being, driven to know itself and yet appalled by the terrible necessity of self-knowledge; assuming every possible shape in order to find the self and to escape the finding; dreading above all the state of annihilation, the threat of non-being; and half-yearning at the last for the oblivion of eternity, the union of the whole spirit with the spirit of the whole universe.

Roethke's first book, *Open House* (1941), despite its technical resourcefulness in the deft probings for a style, provided only a few intimations of what was to develop into his characteristic idiom. The title poem, in its oracular end-stopping and its transparency of language, can serve as prologue to the entire work:

> My truths are all foreknown,
> This anguish self-revealed. . . .
>
> Myself is what I wear:
> I keep the spirit spare.

Perhaps the finest poem in this first volume is *Night Journey*, in which the poet, telling of a train ride back to his native Michigan, announces his lifelong loyalty to what he never tired of describing, even if somewhat sardonically on occasion, as the American heartland. The poem opens:

> Now as the train bears west,
> Its rhythm rocks the earth . . .

– how important that verb of rocking is to become! – and it ends:

> I stay up half the night
> To see the land I love.

The middle of the poem is occupied by a quatrain that prefigures one of his typical patterns of response:

> Full on my neck I feel
> The straining at a curve;
> My muscles move with steel,
> I wake in every nerve.

Some thirty years later – he seemed never to forget an experience – in the first of his *Meditations of an Old Woman*, the old woman being presumably his mother when she is not Roethke himself, he was to offer, through the medium of her voice recalling a bus ride through western country, a recapitulation of that same sensation: "taking the curves." His imagination was not conceptual but kinesthetic, stimulated by nerve-ends and muscles, and even in its wildest flights localizing the tension when the curve is taken. This is precisely what Gerard Manley Hopkins meant when, in one of his letters, he spoke of the "isolation of the hip area." The metamorphosis of the body begins in the isolation of the part.

Another poem in *Open House*, entitled *The Bat*, concludes:

> For something is amiss or out of place
> When mice with wings can wear a human face.

It took time for Roethke to learn how full the world is of such apparitions . . . and worse!

The confirmation that he was in full possession of his art and of his vision came seven years later, with the publication of *The Lost Son* (1948), whose opening sequence of "greenhouse poems" recaptures a significant portion of his inheritance. Roethke was born, of Teutonic stock, in Saginaw, Michigan, in 1908. The world of his childhood was a world of spacious commercial greenhouses, the capital of his florist father's dominion. Greenhouse: "my symbol for the whole of life, a womb, a heaven-on-earth," was Roethke's revealing later gloss. In its moist fecundity, its rank sweats and enclosure, the greenhouse certainly suggests a womb, an inexhaustible mother. If it stands as well for a heaven-on-earth, it is a strange kind of heaven, with its scums and mildews and smuts, its lewd monkey-tail roots, its snaky shoots. The boy of the poems is both fascinated and repelled by the avidity of the life-principle, by the bulbs that break out of boxes "hunting for chinks in the dark." He

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himself endures the agony of birth, with "this urge, wrestle, resurrection of dry sticks, cut stems struggling to put down feet." "What saint," he asks, "strained so much, rose on such lopped limbs to a new life?" This transparent womb is a place of adventures, fears, temptations, where the orchids are "so many devouring infants!":

They lean over the path,
Adder-mouthed,
Swaying close to the face,
Coming out, soft and deceptive,
Limp and damp, delicate as a young bird's tongue.

When he goes out to the swampland to gather moss for lining cemetery baskets, he learns of the sin committed *contra naturam*, the desecration against the whole scheme of life, as if he had "disturbed some rhythm, old and of vast importance, by pulling off flesh from the living planet" – his own flesh. And he encounters death in a thousand rotting faces – all of them his own – as at the mouldy hecatomb he contemplates death crowning death, in a dump of vegetation . . . "over the dying, the newly dead."

The poet's green, rich world of childhood was self-contained, complete in itself. Mother waited there: she was all flowering. When father entered, that principle of authority, he was announced by pipe-knock and the cry, "Ordnung! Ordnung!" So much wilderness! and all of it under glass, organized, controlled. For the rest of his life Roethke was to seek a house for his spirit that would be as green, as various, as ordered. And he was often to despair of finding it. In one of his last poems, *Otto*, named after his father, he concludes:

The long pipes knocked: it was the end of night.
I'd stand upon my bed, a sleepless child
Watching the waking of my father's world –
O world so far way! O my lost world!

Roethke's passionate and near-microscopic scrutiny of the chemistry of growth extended beyond "the lives on a leaf" to the world of what he termed "the minimal," or "the lovely diminutives," the very least of creation, including "beetles in caves, newts, stone-deaf fishes, lice tethered to long limp subterranean weeds, squirmers in bogs, and bacterial creepers." These are creatures still wet with the waters of the beginning. At or below the threshold of the visible they correspond to that darting, multitudinous life of the mind under the floor of the rational, in the wet of the subconscious.

Roethke's immersion in these waters led to his most heroic enterprise, the sequence of interior monologues which he initiated with the title poem of *The Lost Son*, which he continued in *Praise to the End* (1951), and which he persisted up to the last in returning to, through a variety of modifications and developments. "Each poem," he once wrote, "is complete in itself; yet each in a sense is a stage in a kind of struggle out of the slime; part of a slow spiritual progress; an effort to be born, and later, to become something more." The method is associational rather than logical, with frequent time shifts in and out of childhood, in and out of primitive states of consciousness and even the synesthesia of infancy. Motifs are introduced as in music, with the themes often developing contrapuntally. Rhythmically he was after "the spring and rush of the child," he said . . . "and Gammer Gurton's concision: mütterkin's wisdom." There are throwbacks to the literature of the folk, to counting rhymes and play songs, to Mother Goose, to the songs and rants of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature, to the Old Testament, the visions of Blake and the rhapsodies of Christopher Smart. But the poems, original and incomparable, belong to the poet and not to his sources.

The protagonist, who recurrently undertakes the dark journey into his own underworld, is engaged in a quest for spiritual identity. The quest is simultaneously a flight, for he is being pursued by the man he has become, implacable, lost, soiled, confused. In order to find himself he must lose himself by reexperiencing all the stages of his growth, by reenacting all the transmutations of his being from seed-time to maturity. We must remember that it is the poet himself who plays all the parts. He is Proteus and all the forms of Proteus – flower, fish, reptile, amphibian, bird, dog, etc. – and he is the adversary who hides among the rocks to pounce on Proteus, never letting go his hold, while the old man of the sea writhes through his many shapes until, exhausted by the struggle, he consents to prophesy in the *claritas* of his found identity.

Curiously enough – for I am sure it was not a conscious application – Roethke recapitulated the distinctive elements of this Protean imagery in a prose commentary that appeared in 1950. "Some of these pieces," he wrote in *Mid-Century American Poets*, referring to his sequence of monologues, "Begin in the mire; as if man is no

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by Theodore Roethke

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(Doubleday; $3.50)
I Am! Says the Lamb
(Doubleday; $2.50)
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(Crowell-Collier; $1.95)
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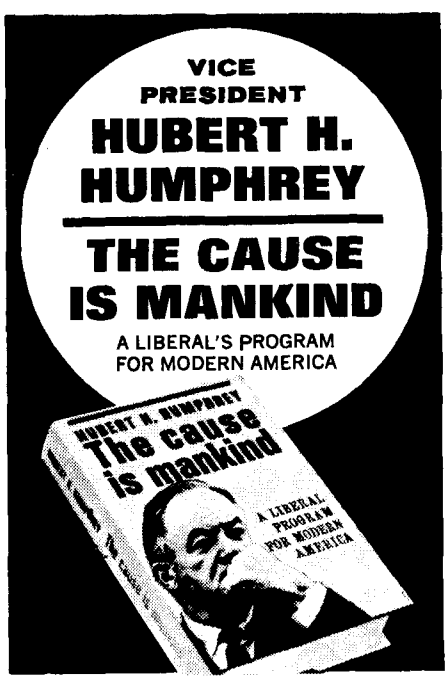
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more than a shape writhing from the old rock." His annotation of a line of his from *Praise to the End* – "I've crawled from the mire, alert as a saint or a dog" – reads: "Except for the saint, everything else is dog, fish, minnow, bird, etc., and the euphoric ride resolves itself into a death-wish."

Roethke's explanation of his "cyclic" method of narration, a method that depends on periodic recessions of the movement instead of advances in a straight line, seems to me particularly noteworthy. "I believe," he wrote, "that to go forward as a spiritual man it is necessary first to go back. Any history of the psyche (or allegorical journey) is bound to be a succession of experiences, similar yet dissimilar. There is a perpetual slipping-back, then a going forward; but there is *some* 'progress'."

This comment can be linked with several others by Roethke that I have already quoted: references to "the struggle out of the slime," the beginning "in the mire." I think also of his unforgettably defiant affirmation: "In spite of all the muck and welter, the dark, the *dreck* of these poems, I count myself among the happy poets."

In combination these passages point straight to the door of Dr. Jung or to the door of Jung's disciple Maud Bodkin, whose *Archetypal Patterns in Poetry* was familiar to Roethke. In Jung's discussion of Progression and Regression as fundamental concepts of the libido-theory in his *Contributions to Analytical Psychology*, he describes progression as "the daily advance of the process of psychological adaptation," which at certain times fails. Then "the vital feeling" disappears; there is a damming-up of energy, of libido. At such times neurotic symptoms are observed, and repressed contents appear, of inferior and unadapted character. "Slime out of the depths," he calls such contents – but slime that contains not only "objectionable animal tendencies, but also germs of new possibilities of life." Before "a renewal of life" can come about, there must be an acceptance of the possibilities that lie in the unconscious contents of the mind "activated through regression . . . and disfigured by the slime of the deep."

This principle is reflected in the myth of "the night journey under the sea," as in the Book of Jonah, or in the voyage of The Ancient Mariner, and is related to dozens of myths, in the rebirth archetype, that tell of the descent of the hero into the underworld and of his eventual return back to the light. The monologues of Roethke follow the pattern of progression and regression and belong unmistakably to the rebirth archetype.

In the opening section of *The Lost Son*, for example, the hallucinated protagonist, regressing metamorphically, sinks down to an animistic level, begging from the sub-human some clue as to the meaning of his existence:

> At Woodlawn I heard the dead cry:
> I was lulled by the slamming of iron,
> A slow drip over stones,
> Toads brooding in wells.
> All the leaves stuck out their tongues;
> I shook the softening chalk of my bones,
> Saying,
> Snail, snail, glister me forward,
> Bird, soft-sigh me home.
> Worm, be with me.
> This is my hard time.

At the close of the same poem, which remains for me the finest of the monologues, the protagonist, turned human and adult again, is granted his moment of epiphany; but he is not ready yet to apprehend it wholly; he must wait:

> It was beginning winter,
> The light moved slowly over the frozen field,
> Over the dry seed-crowns,
> The beautiful surviving bones
> Swinging in the wind.
>
> Light traveled over the field;
> Stayed.
> The weeds stopped swinging.
> The mind moved, not alone,
> Through the clear air, in the silence.
>
> Was it light?
> Was it light within?
> Was it light within light?
> Stillness becoming alive,
> Yet still?
>
> A lively understandable spirit
> Once entertained you.
> It will come again.
> Be still.
> Wait.

The love poems that followed early in the 1950's – Roethke was forty-four when he married – were a distinct departure from the painful excavations of the monologues and in some respects a return to the strict stanzaic forms of his earliest work. They were daring and buoyant, not only in their explicit sensuality, their "lewd music," but in the poet's open and arrogant usurpation of the Yeatsian beat and, to a degree, of the Yeatsian mantle:

> I take this cadence from a man named Yeats;
> I take it, and I give it back again. . . .

By this time Roethke had the authority, the self-assurance, indeed the euphoria – "I am most immoderately married" – to carry it off.

Even when he had been involved with the *dreck* of the monologues, he was able, in sudden ecstatic seizures of clarity, to proclaim "a condition of joy." Moreover, he had been delighted at the opportunity that the free and open form gave him to introduce juicy little bits of humor, mostly puns and mangled bawdry and indelicate innuendoes. He had also written some rather ferocious nonsense verse for children. Now he achieved something

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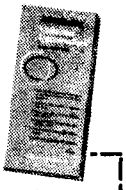

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much more difficult and marvelous: a passionate love poetry that yet included the comic, as in *I Knew a Woman*, with its dazzling first stanza:

I knew a woman, lovely in her bones,
When small birds sighed, she would sigh back at them;
Ah, when she moved, she moved more ways than one.
The shapes a bright container can contain!
Of her choice virtues only gods should speak,
Or English poets who grew up on Greek
(I'd have them sing in chorus, cheek to cheek).

Inevitably the beloved is a shapeshifter, like the poet himself. "Slow, slow as a fish she came." Or again, "She came toward me in the flowing air, a shape of change." "No mineral man," he praises her as dove, as lily, as rose, as leaf, even as "the oyster's weeping foot." And he asks himself, half fearfully: "Is she what I become? Is this my final Face?"

At the human level this tendency of his to become the other is an extension of that Negative Capability, as defined by Keats, which first manifested itself in the Roethke greenhouse. A man of this nature, said Keats, "is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubt, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason . . . he has no identity – he is continually in for and filling some other body." In *The Dying Man* Roethke assumes the character of the poet Yeats; in *Meditations of an Old Woman*, he writes as though he were his mother; in several late poems he adopts the role and voice of his beloved.

The love poems gradually dissolve into the death poems. Could the flesh be transcended, as he had at first supposed, till passion burned with a spiritual light? Could his several selves perish in love's fire and be reborn as one? Could the dear and beautiful one lead him, as Dante taught, to the very footstool of God? In *The Dying Man* he proposes a dark answer: "All sensual love's but dancing on the grave." Roethke thought of himself as one with the dying Yeats: "I am that final thing, a man learning to sing."

The five-fold *Meditations of an Old Woman* that concludes Roethke's selective volume, *Words for the Wind* (1958) is almost wholly preoccupied with thoughts of death and with the search for God. He had started writing the sequence almost immediately after the death of his mother in 1955. Here he returns to the cyclic method of the earlier monologues. In the First Meditation the Old Woman introduces the theme of journeying. All journeys, she reflects, are the same, a movement forward after a few wavers, and then a slipping backward, "backward in time." Once more we recognize the Jungian pattern of progression and regression embodied in the work. The journeys and the five meditations as a whole are conceived in a kind of rocking motion, and indeed the verb "to rock" – consistently one of the poet's key verbs of motion – figures prominently in the text. The rocking is from the cradle toward death:

The body, delighting in thresholds,
Rocks in and out of itself. . . .

An image of transformations. And toward the close:

To try to become like God
Is far from becoming God.
O, but I seek and care!

I rock in my own dark,
Thinking, God has need of me.
The dead love the unborn.

A few weeks before his death Roethke completed his arrangement of some fifty new poems, published last July under the title, *The Far Field*. The range and power of this posthumous volume, unquestionably one of the landmarks of the American imagination, have yet to be fully grasped or interpreted. Among its contents are two major sequences, *The North American Sequence*, consisting of six long meditations on the American landscape and on death . . . on dying into America, so to speak; and a group of twelve shorter, more formal lyrics, under the generic heading, *Sequence*,

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Sometimes Metaphysical, bearing witness to a state of spiritual crisis, the dance of the soul around the exhausted flesh and toward the divine fire.

"How to transcend this spiritual emptiness?" he cries in *The Longing,* which opens the North American sequence. The self, retracing its transformations, seeks refuge in a lower order of being:

And the spirit fails to move forward,
But shrinks into a half-life, less than itself,
Falls back, a slug, a loose worm
Ready for any crevice,
An eyeless starer.

He longs "for the imperishable quiet at the heart of form."

In a sense he has completed his dark journey, but he has not yet found either his oblivion or his immortality. He yearns for the past which will also be future. The American earth calls to him, and he responds by struggling out of his lethargy: "I am coming!" he seems to be saying, "but wait a minute. I have something left to do. I belong to the wilderness. I will yet speak in tongues."

I have left the body of the whale,
but the mouth of the night is still wide;
On the Bullhead, in the Dakotas,
where the eagles eat well,
In the country of few lakes, in the tall buffalo grass at the base of the clay buttes,
In the summer heat, I can smell the dead buffalo,
The stench of their damp fur drying in the sun,
The buffalo chips drying.

Old men should be explorers?
I'll be an Indian.
Ogallala?
Iroquoi.

That diminishing coda is a miracle of compression and connotation.

In *The Far Field,* the fifth poem of the North American sequence and the title poem of the collection, Roethke speaks of his journeying, as his mother did in the earlier Meditations:

I dream of journeys repeatedly:
Of flying like a bat deep into a nar-

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rowing tunnel,
Of driving alone, without luggage,
out a long peninsula,
The road lined with snow-laden
second growth,
A fine dry snow ticking the wind-
shield,
Alternate snow and sleet, no on-
coming traffic,
And no lights behind, in the blurred
side-mirror,
The road changing from glazed tar-
face to a rubble of stone,
Ending at last in a hopeless sand-
rut,
Where the car stalls,
Churning in a snowdrift
Until the headlights darken.

As always, in these soliloquies, the poet sinks through various levels of time and of existence. There was a field once where he found death in the shape of a rat, along with other creatures shot by the nightwatchman or mutilated by the mower; but he found life, too, in the spontaneous agitations of the birds, "a twittering restless cloud." And he tries to relive his selfhood back to its mindless source, so that he may be born again, meanwhile proclaiming his faith in the inexorable wheel of metamorphosis:

I'll return again,
As a snake or a raucous bird,
Or, with luck, as a lion.

Sometimes the faith wavers. In *The Abyss*, a poem outside the North American sequence, he inquires, "Do we move toward God, or merely another condition?" . . . "I rock between dark and dark."

An even deeper anguish saturates the verses of the *Sequence, Sometimes Metaphysical:*

Dark, dark my light, and darker my
desire.
My soul, like some heat-maddened
summer fly,
Keeps buzzing at the sill. Which I
is *I*?

But if the shapeshifter for a moment despairs of his identity, he still has strength and will enough to drag himself over the threshold of annihilation.

A fallen man, I climb out of my
fear.
The mind enters itself, and God the
mind,
And one is One, free in the tearing
wind.

I do not always believe in these ecstatic resolutions – they sometimes seem a cry of need rather than of revelation – but I am always moved by the presence of the need and by the desperation of the voice.

"Brooding on God, I may become a man," writes Roethke in *The Marrow*, out of the same sequence – one of the great poems of the century, a poem at once dreadful and profound, electric and shuddering:

Godhead above my God, are you
there still?
To sleep is all my life. In sleep's
half-death,
My body alters, altering the soul
That once could melt the dark with
its small breath.
Lord, hear me out, and hear me out
this day:
From me to Thee's a long and ter-
rible way.

I was flung back from suffering and
love
When light divided on a storm-
tossed tree;
Yea, I have slain my will, and still
I live:
I would be near; I shut my eyes to
see;
I bleed my bones, their marrow to
bestow
Upon that God who knows what I
would know.

Such furious intensity exacts a price. The selves of the poet could be fused only by the exertion of a tremendous pressure. If only he could be content to name the objects that he loved and not be driven to convert them into symbols – that painful ritual.

In *The Far Field*, where he evokes his own valedictory image, Whitman is with him, and Prospero, and – in the shifting light – Proteus, the old man of the sea, fatigued by his changes:

An old man with his feet before the
fire,

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In robes of green, in garments of adieu.

The lines that follow have a touch of prophecy in them as the poet, renewed by the thought of death, leaving his skins behind him, moves out into the life-giving and obliterating waters:

A man faced with his own immensity
Wakes all the waves, all their loose wandering fire.
The murmur of the absolute, the why
Of being born fails on his naked ears.
His spirit moves like monumental wind
That gentles on a sunny blue plateau.
He is the end of things, the final man.

All finite things reveal infinitude:
The mountain with its singular bright shade
Like the blue shine on freshly frozen snow,
The after-light upon ice-burdened pines;
Odor of basswood on a mountain slope,
A scent beloved of bees;
Silence of water above a sunken tree:
The pure serene of memory in one man, –
A ripple widening from a single stone
Winding around the waters of the world.

Faces of the Racial Revolution

by Edward T. Chase

Mr. Hentoff's book is the most sophisticated gloss of the Movement to date. So keen is his sensibility, so evident his intimacy with what's going on, and, most important, so pertinent are his suggestions for social action that *The New Equality*, for all its brevity, stands almost alone (Charles Silberman's *Crisis In Black And White* is its closest rival) among the flood of recent books on the subject. One has confidence that Hentoff really understands what Negroes are feeling.

The New Equality
by Nat Hentoff
(Viking; $4.95)
The Geography of Intellect
by Nathaniel Weyl and Stefan Possony
(Regnery; $7.95)
The Origin of Races
by Carleton S. Coon
(Knopf; $10)

But a further distinction is that his account traces the intellectual evolution of the Movement's leadership and the concurrent criticism of "outside" observors. Hentoff's style is to counterpunch. He makes his points by scoring off the inadequacies of such commentators as Norman Mailer, Norman Podhoretz of *Commentary* and John Fischer of *Harper's*. Sometimes he misreads Fischer. Yet his pinpointed charges of naïveté and condescension are mostly telling.

Hentoff is not satisfied with mere reportage. The most ambitious aspect of his book is his prescription of where the Movement now must go – namely into a drive for structural changes of the social order, preeminently in education, employment and economic opportunity. Sensitively and logically the reader is led into a confrontation with a rationale for social revolution, the peaceful variety. The revolution he outlines may strike you as mild or not so mild. That will depend on where you stand – and not where you stand on Negroes' rights so much as on your assessment of the equity of American life in general. For Hentoff is suggesting that the victimization of the Negro is, among other things, only the most extreme instance of the cruelties in a competitive, market-dominated society insufficiently imbued with concern for social justice.

Standpatters will shun the book; liberals may feel they can overlook it. The latter will do so at a loss, however, because they will need its argumenta-

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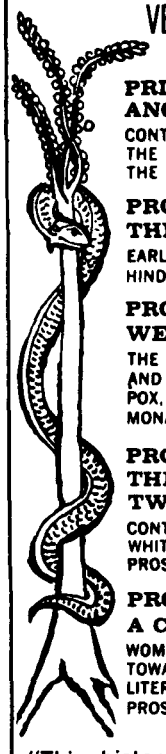

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tion and insights for the foreseeable future, alas. A steady escalation is taking place in the Movement as the tough questions (how nominal rights are to be made real rights) are being pressed. Aptly titled, *The New Equality* legitimatizes not "equal opportunity before the law," but preferential treatment of the Negro and, more important since it cuts deeper, *preferential interpretation of his historic failures and inadequacies.* (Hentoff qualifies his "preferential" treatment doctrine by asserting it need only be transitory – only until the economic order is overhauled to assure social justice – but this is about like saying "in-the-long-run," and in the long run, as they say, we're dead.) Hentoff's resources are a highly intelligent empathy combined with experience of Negro life. He can deftly make a point with a quotation such as Miles Davis's "Every Negro over fifty should get a medal for putting up with all that crap"; or by deftly marshalling the most pertinent evidence from the new findings of sociology and psychology. Whatever Hentoff may lack in system is compensated for by his astonishing range and the relish with which he brings his own mind to reflect upon it as an amateur, in the best sense of that word.

The amateur in the unflattering sense is in evidence in the Weyl-Possony book. Here legitimacy is to be conferred on the belief that, on the whole, the Negro plight is warranted since it is a consequence of innate racial inferiority, and that unequal rewards must follow from unequal capacities. Egalitarianism is debasing us, for it results, in their words, in the "cult of mediocrity and deliberate destruction of elites." Self government is viewed as the privilege of the ethnically superior, and they comment:

> "The inciting of the Arab and Negro masses of Africa to race conflict against the White minority not only has resulted in the perpetration of unspeakable crimes against the only technologically and managerially capable element on that continent, but is condemning the Negro and Muslim masses to a future of chaos, havoc, hunger, savage dictatorship and regression from order and freedom."

The book's underlying proposition is that the races of tropical climates are mentally inferior to those of the cold and temperate climates. The non-specialist cannot readily evaluate the authors' scientific soundness, but he can spy some internal contradictions. For example, they grossly oversimplify and therefore distort the character of genetic inheritance. Their proposal to upgrade humanity through artificial insemination by using donors with IQ's of 160 and recipients with IQ's of 120 to get offspring with 140 IQ's typifies their muscular handling of very intricate and obscure matters. Such predictability isn't in the cards because each person's gene pool is very large, drawing from a long line of ancestors, and inheritance involves a quite random process, some genetic characteristics being dominant, others recessive, with consequences that can be only roughly anticipated.

The authors likewise overplay the IQ and underweigh cultural, environmental factors, thereby confusing causes and effects, as in their incomprehension of the impact upon the American Negro of extended, pervasive discrimination from slave days on. And since they seem to wish to be encyclopedic in their use of all major instances of IQ measurements of racial differences, it seems odd that they do not mention Army tests indicating that New York and Ohio Negroes, on the average, scored higher than whites from 11 Southern states. The same incomprehension of the influence of cultural factors permits them to indulge in absurd overplaying of their analyses of family names in *Who's Who.*

On August 20, 1964, UNESCO experts asserted in an official consensus that "the people of the earth now have biological possibilities for attaining any level of civilizaton" and that "differences between achievements of various people must be explained wholly by their cultural history."

Weyl and Possony feel constrained to dismiss such experts as egalitarian bureaucrats with an axe to grind. But Carleton Coon's *The Origin Of Races,* which lately has been outrageously exploited for their own distorted ends by racist ideologues, supports the UNESCO conclusion. I found it highly instructive to survey the scores of academic and lay reviews that have now appeared on Dr. Coon's book because the book is the most searching attempt in recent years to clarify the mysteries of race.

Dr. Coon advances the novel idea that, instead of one species, as science generally holds, there are five distinct subspecies of *homo sapiens* and that they crossed over the threshold from *homo erectus* (a more brutal fellow) to *sapiens* (roughly, the condition of greater cranial capacity) at different times. The central Coon contention that has produced storms of controversy is that the Congoloid subspecies (Negroes and Pygmies) passed to the more *sapient* state within the last 50,000 years or perhaps 200,000 years later than the *Caucasoid* (Europeans and their overseas kinsmen, Middle Eastern whites from Morocco to West Pakistan, most of the people of India, and the Ainu of Japan). The racists, wilfully ignoring environmental and cultural circumstances, have pressed the inference that somehow the Negroes must, therefore, be less *sapiens* than the other races because they crossed the threshold from *erectus* to *sapiens* later. Coon concludes no such thing, and in fact emphasizes instead that the Caucasoids and Mongoloids multiplied and achieved cultural dominance because "their ancestors occupied the most favorable of the earth's zoological regions." He goes on to say any of the subspecies of *homo sapiens* that had happened to evolve in these regions would have done as well. Coon further states that the African Negroes have shown "extraordinary vitality" and "have been particu-

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larly versatile in adopting new cultures wherever they have been taken, as laborers, by Caucasoids and Mongoloids, and they have become the dominant racial element in many of the tropical lowland regions of the New World, as well as of Madagascar and parts of the Arabian Coast." Anthropologist Morris E. Opler of Cornell, among other scientist reviewers of the Coon book, kids the racists by reversing their exploitation of the Coon theory that the Negroes were late in reaching the *sapiens* state. Opler writes, "Some wag, a virtual *erectus*, no doubt, might venture the thought that if the Negroes have accomplished in 40,000 years what it has taken the sluggish Caucasoids 250,000 years to do, they must be a gifted breed indeed."

While Coon's book is considered a valuable work, virtually every expert disputes his theory of the five subspecies of man crossing the *homo sapiens* threshold in five distinct areas at five distinct times. What impresses the lay student most is the astonishing paucity of evidence of *any* kind to make *any* hard and fast conclusions. Not only are there only a relative handful of meaningful fossils to work from; the experts emphasize that a new fossil finding can topple all the theoretical structures overnight; and finally the current manifest evidence is abundant that the variations *within* a race tend to be more marked than those between races. Coon makes this point with the lively observation that "the monkey hunters of the forested slopes of Central India are as Caucasoid as Charles de Gaulle."

THEATER

Three Plays and a Protest

Three new plays by the younger generation of American dramatists, followed by a protest from me.

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground. William Hanley's melodrama has one arresting moment, which occurs right after the rise of the curtain. The scene is a neighborhood candy store on a dark, deserted street; the proprietor, a middle-aged German, is taking inventory. Suddenly, a Negro enters, obviously eluding pursuers, dressed in a black cape, string tie, sneakers, and dark glasses. As played by the gifted Clarence Williams III, he is a sinister figure, hunched like a monkey, and ambulating with the balletic grace of a junkie Charlie Chaplin. The most conspicuous element in his costume is an umbrella, the point of which has been sharpened for a kill, and it is not long before he is menacing the storekeeper with this improvised weapon, muttering wild irrelevancies in a hip, autodidactic verbal style. Accounts of the psychopathic killer known as the Umbrella Man have prepared us for the brutal attack which must follow – but the expected blow never falls. Instead, the Negro sits down, removes his glasses, changes his ominous tone, and – employing a highly eloquent vocabulary (he has, he tells us, an IQ of 187) – initiates a three-hour talkathon, quoting from Gide and Kafka, and analyzing the roots of his own behavior: he suffers from insufficient mother love!

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground
by William Hanley
(Plymouth)
The Slave and *The Toilet*
by Leroi Jones
(St. Marks Playhouse)
Tiny Alice by Edward Albee
(Billy Rose)

Mr. Hanley's game might be called Truth without Consequences; his rules are to evoke an evil reality, culled from some recent headline, and then to soften this reality with psychological bromides, self-conscious motive-mongering, and sentimental evasions. This technique he applies not only to Negro crime but to a large number of our current theatrical obsessions: Jewish victimization, German guilt, Appearance versus Reality, the Need for Commitment to Something Higher than the Self, and (with the entrance later of a young girl in search of an abortion) the Importance of Loving the Life Inside Your Body. Mr. Hanley's play, in short, is like a catalogue of contemporary Broadway themes and conventions, but in order to include them all, the playwright is forced to sacrifice consistency of character, unity of form, and logical continuity. What begins as a melodrama eventually becomes a disquisitory debate, a sex comedy, and a soap opera; each of the three acts seems totally independent of the other two; and the characters must function in a host of different roles, the Umbrella Man, for example, acting as confessor, confidant, orator, psychological counselor, social worker, and judge, in sequence. At the end, he returns to his original role as menace, when he reveals that he has murdered his mother. But by this time, all credibility has been swallowed up in the drama's sententious molasses, where every speech is italicized, and every line is a curtain line. This is Mr. Hanley's first Broadway effort, and the significant thing about it is how a dramatist so new to the street could have so quickly become privy to all its commercial secrets.

The Slave and *The Toilet.* While Hanley's play reveals a jaded talent, these two karate blows by Leroi Jones display no talent at all – they are inspired primarily by race hatred. Larry Rivers' set for *The Toilet* consists of seven urinals; the scene is the boy's john of a predominantly Negro high school. There students congregate, during pauses in the educational process, to exchange insults and obscenities, and to gang up on unprotected students, usually "whiteys." The major victim of *The Toilet* is a Puerto Rican homo-

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sexual who, having sent a love letter to one of the Negroes, is brutally beaten, and then tossed, bleeding and unconscious, into one of the urinals. The Negro he loves – and who helped to mug him – returns surreptitiously at the end to cradle the victim's head in his lap and to sob over his prostrate form. This maudlin conclusion reveals a soft chink in the author's spikey armor, but still the play is not a drama but a psychodrama, designed for the acting out of sado-masochistic racial fantasies.

The Slave projects these fantasies into a Genet-like war between White and Black, which the Negroes are on the verge of winning. The play concerns the visit of the Negro military leader, once a poet and intellectual, to the home of his former (white) wife and her present husband, a white university professor. Before long, the Negro has, predictably, maligned the professor's liberalism and his manhood ("Professor No-Dick"), rabbit-punched him to the ground, and emptied his revolver into his body, while leaving the woman lying dead under the debris of her exploded home. The play, to say the least, is out of control, and its language is full of semi-literate blather ("I have killed for all times any creative impulse I will ever have by the depravity of my murderous philosophies"). The decay of Western culture – to which the playwright frequently alludes in *The Slave* – is nowhere better exemplified than in the unwarranted favor this culture has lavished on Leroi Jones, because he has shown little theatrical purpose beyond the expression of a raging chauvinism, and few theatrical gifts beyond a capacity to record the *graffiti* scrawled on men's room walls.

Tiny Alice. Edward Albee has called his new play a "mystery story," a description which applies as well to its content as to its genre. The work is certainly very mystifying, full of dark hints and riddling allusions, but since it is also clumsy and contrived, and specious in the extreme, the mystery that interested me most was whether the author was kidding his audience or kidding himself. *Tiny Alice* may well turn out to be a huge joke on the American culture industry; then again, it may turn out to be a typical product of that industry. The hardest thing to determine about "camp" literature, movies, and painting is the extent of the author's sincerity. A hoax is being perpetrated, no doubt of that, but is this intentional or not? Is the contriver inside or outside his own fraudulent creation? Does Andy Warhol really believe in the artistic validity of his Brillo boxes? *Tiny Alice* is a much more ambitious work than the usual variety of "camp," but it shares the same ambiguity of motive. For while some of Albee's obscurity is pure playfulness, designed to con the spectator into looking for non-existent meanings,

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some is obviously there for the sake of a sham profundity in which the author apparently believes.

My complaint is that Albee has not created profundity, he has only borrowed the appearance of it. In *Tiny Alice*, he is once again dealing with impersonation – this time as a metaphor for religious faith – and once again is doing most of the impersonating himself. The central idea of the play – which treats religious ritual as a form of stagecraft and playacting – comes from Jean Genet's *The Balcony;* its initial device – which involves a wealthy woman handing over a fortune in return for the sacrifice of a man's life – comes from Duerrenmatt's *The Visit of the Old Lady;* its symbolism – revolving around mysterious castles, the union of sacred and profane, and the agony of modern Christ figures – is largely taken from Strindberg's *A Dream Play;* and its basic tone – a metaphysical rumble arising out of libations, litanies, and ceremonies created by a shadowy hieratic trio – is directly stolen from T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*. The play, in short, is virtually a theatrical echo chamber, with reverberations of Graham Greene, Enid Bagnold, and Tennessee Williams being heard as well; but Albee's manipulation of these sources owes more to literature than to life, while his metaphysical enigmas contribute less to thematic perception than to atmospheric fakery.

To approach *Tiny Alice* as a coherent work of art, therefore, would be a mistake, since, in my opinion, most of it is meaningless – a frozen portent without an animating event. There are thematic arrows, to be sure, planted throughout the play: allusions to the imperfectability of human knowledge, appearance and reality, the unreachableness of God, but all these ultimately point down dead-end streets, or are bent and twisted by leaden paradoxes. Let me, in consequence, try to discharge my duties to the play simply by outlining the plot.

In return for a hundred million dollars – presented to a waspish Cardinal by a bitchy Lawyer who used to be his schoolfellow – a lay brother in the Roman church named Julian is sent to the home of Alice, the millionairess who donated the money. Alice later turns out to be a priestess in the service of a god (or goddess) named Alice, for whom she is acting as surrogate. She is also identified with the Virgin Mother (the Lawyer has suggestions of Satan), even though she seems to have slept with everybody, including her butler (named Butler), who functions as a kind of hierophant. Alice, Lawyer, and Butler all live in a gigantic castle, which represents the universe. Inside one room is a perfect miniature model of this castle, called "The Wonders of the World," and inside the "Wonders," presumably, is another miniature – and so forth, on the principle of Chinese boxes. The possibility arises that the actual castle is merely a model within an even larger room, which is itself only a miniature, *ad infinitum*. The "Wonders," however, is not only a symbol of the expanding universe, but also an altar, to which the mysterious threesome pray, and inside which the god Alice may reside (thus, "tiny" Alice).

Slowly, it is revealed that this priestly trio is preparing Julian for a ritual sacrifice. He will eventually be forced to reenact the death of Christ, a role for which he qualifies not by virtue of any moral beauty, visionary power, or special sanctity, but rather because of certain pathological attributes. He longs to debase himself, is subject to hallucinations, and enjoys masochistic fantasies of being bloodied by gladiators and eaten by lions. His martyrdom, however, comes in quite a different way. First, he is seduced by Alice; then she marries him; then deserts him; and finally the Lawyer shoots him. Now the Passion begins, accompanied by a hailstorm of religious symbols. Julian, dying, is held, like Jesus in the Pietá, by a blue-cloaked Alice, who begs him to accept the godhead of Alice. Julian refuses at first, and is left in isolation. Then, in what may be one of the longest death scenes on record (it is surely among the dullest), he cries "Alice, oh Alice, why hast thou forsaken me?" and stumbles – arms outstretched in crucifixion – against the "Wonders of the World." Accepting Alice at the last, he expires, his heartbeat and breathing still being amplified over a loudspeaker.

The only thing that might redeem a concept like this from its own pretentiousness is some kind of theatrical adroitness; but I regret to say that Al-

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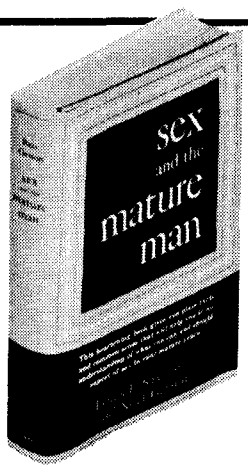

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bee's customary ingenuity has deserted him here. The language, first of all, is surprisingly windy, slack, sodden, and repetitive; the jokes are childishly prurient ("The organ is in need of use," says the sexually undernourished Julian upon visiting the chapel); and the usual electricity of an Albee quarrel has degenerated – when it is employed in the opening scene between the Cardinal and the Lawyer – into mere nagging. Furthermore, Albee has not been able to exploit his own devices sufficiently. The miniature castle is a good conceit; but it functions more for obfuscation than for theatrical effect, being used to advantage only once (when it catches fire). And finally, the play vacillates between excessive fruitiness and excessive staginess, whether Julian is being enfolded within the wrapper of the naked Alice (and disappearing somewhere near her genital region), or being gunned down by the Lawyer in a manner reminiscent of Victorian melodrama.

As for the production, it staggers under the ponderousness of the play. John Gielgud is probably one of the few actors in the world capable of disguising the ludicrousness of his role; but he is forced to maintain a pitch of exaltation, bordering on hysteria, throughout the entire evening, and even he cannot prevent his speeches from sounding monotonous. Irene Worth, the most charming of actresses, is warm and womanly as Alice, and John Heffernan has a wry, laconic quality as the butler, but the production, as a whole, does not work, for the director, Alan Schneider, has been unable to find a convincing histrionic equivalent for the portentous style of the writing. Only William Ritman's setting, a massive affair with huge wooden doors and expansive playing areas, is really very satisfying, for it supplies that sense of solidity and substantiality that the play so sorely lacks.

These three plays are fairly representative of the kind of theater being produced by our younger dramatists, and therein lies my protest: whatever their superficial differences, they are all possessed by a subterranean nihilism. Hanley, Jones, and Albee seem to be preoccupied with important contemporary concerns – the position of minority groups, the Negro revolution, Existential *Angst*, the loss of faith – but some essential conviction is seriously lacking, and the central questions are invariably skirted. What results is less an artistic quest than a fashionable posture or personal exhibition, with the playwright producing not masterpieces but conversation pieces. This, to be sure, is the characteristic art of our time. Now that the cultural revolution has become an arm of big business, the mass media, and the fashion magazines, values have all but disappeared from artistic creation, and a crowd of hipsters and their agents are cynically exploiting the fears and pretensions of an insecure public. But while the nihilism of Pop Art, for example, is relatively open, the theater continues to simulate values and feign commitments: it will not be long before these masks fall too. The collapse of the original Lincoln Center Repertory Company signifies the end of the theater of the thirties, and the extinction of its dreams – but I dread the nightmare that is coming to take its place. Must we choose between a discredited Establishment and a careerist *avant-garde*? Are the only alternatives to be between the collapsed idealism of the old and the secret cynicism of the new?

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FILMS

No Ford in Our Future

John Ford is, after Griffith, probably the American director who has won the greatest admiration among professionals abroad. This has long seemed clear, but it was confirmed for me last summer when I asked a couple of dozen directors throughout Europe who their own favorite directors were. Ford was not only on most lists, he was often the only American. Pietro Germi,

Cheyenne Autumn
(Warner)
World Without Sun
(Columbia)
Love A La Carte
(Promenade)

who directed *Divorce Italian Style* and *Seduced and Abandoned*, said that when he was a young man, he saw René Clair's *A Nous la Liberté* 27 times and Ford's *The Informer* 17 times. "They were my real school. They have been the two poles of my career." (Germi's early film *In the Name of the Law*, 1949, is a Fordian Western set in modern Sicily; instead of a young lawman arriving in a rustler-ridden town, a young judge arrives in a Mafia-ridden town.)

I thought of Germi, and of the Yugoslav and Pole and Hungarian and others who had talked about Ford, while I sat through the American's latest film *Cheyenne Autumn* and felt a sadness that Ford had not intended. Any good artist with a distinctive personal style, if he lives long enough, runs the risk of having to compete, not only with disciples and imitators but with his younger and fresher self. This new film seems more derived from Ford than many derivatives by others, far inferior to the pictures with which he established what may be called the sculptured Western: *Stagecoach, Fort Apache, She Wore A Yellow Ribbon, Wagonmaster*, and others. These pictures dramatized cavalrymen, settlers, Indians against the differing landscapes

Coming

The Legacy of Ford Madox Ford

by Caroline Gordon

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of the West, and managed to convey something of the detail and texture of life in those days at the same time that they converted the whole West into a huge natural theater.

Cheyenne Autumn, which was "suggested" by Mari Sandoz's book, is, despite its Technicolor and Panavision 70, a pallid and straitened version of the best Ford, with no new visual ideas and, what is perhaps worse, fumbling use of the old ones: with a few labored interludes in which Ford tries to intensify some facts of daily life and a few incomplete flourishes of action. The acting is bad, the dialogue trite and predictable, the pace funereal, the structure fragmented, the climaxes puny. This is the story of the brave trek of the surviving Cheyenne, against government orders, from their wretched reservation in the Southwest back to their ancestral northern home. We are supposed to have sympathy for them by the facts of their underdog situation; and we are to know the good guys from the bad guys in the story by this sympathy. The white men who kill or harry Indians most reluctantly are the best. But Ford's control of events and atmosphere is so poor that the sympathy is never really generated, and one is only impatient with Richard Widmark, the cavalry captain, for being so inefficient at his job of recapture. (Another example: we are supposed to be outraged at another captain who puts the Cheyenne in his fort's warehouse in mid-winter; it doesn't work because Ford has shown us these Indians living in much worse conditions in the snow.) The action limps badly enough, but the *rapport* that is essential to Westerns, the identification that is their reason for being, is wavering and weak.

The cast is beyond disbelief. George O'Brien, whom I saw in my first Ford film (*The Iron Horse*, 1924), is killed off early, thus preserving for me a shred of boyhood illusion. Widmark slouches and slumps and yawps through this post-acting phase of his career. Carroll Baker, as a Quaker teacher, sounds like a female impersonator. James Stewart is brought in for a return vaudeville engagement, a recent custom in Ford Westerns, this time as Wyatt Earp, a character whom Henry Fonda really played for Ford in *My Darling Clementine* in 1946. (Poor Bosley Crowther. Evidently he saw an early screening of *Cheyenne Autumn* and, in *The New York Times*, he described as one of his favorite moments a scene with Stewart which had been entirely eliminated by the time I saw the picture at its premiere.) Sal Mineo, as a proud Cheyenne brave, acts like a reject from a road company of *West Side Story*. Karl Malden cartoons around, as usual, as a Teutonic martinet. Edward G. Robinson, as Carl Schurz, the Secretary of the Interior, has a few scenes in which he stubs out long, nice-looking cigars soon after lighting them. In these days of shortage of good cigars, I was more disturbed by the reality of this waste than by the much less real plight of the Cheyenne.

World Without Sun is a fine film for children. This color documentary of Jacques-Yves Cousteau's oceanography team, living and working some fathoms down, has a few obvious studio touches, but I doubt that they will interfere with children's enjoyment of the spherical undersea home, the two-man submarine, the close-ups of marine life, and so on. My own favorite sight was a glimpse of a scallop scampering across the ocean floor.

Love A La Carte is worth a line because Marcello Mastroianni and Simone Signoret are in it, and persons interested in them ought to be warned that this picture is one of those lapses to which even the best actors seem prone. Not that Mastroianni is bad or Miss Signoret unappealing: both circumstances are almost inconceivable. But the script is scrappy nonsense about four Italian whores who leave "the life," who open a restaurant in the country and try to go straight. (There are distorted echoes of Duvivier's *They Were Five*, 1936). Mastroianni is the car-salesman friend of Miss Signoret, whose dialogue is dubbed by an Italian actress. The director, Antonio Pietrangeli, is not devoid of ability, but the story is silly.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Stanley Kunitz *was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1959.* Edward T. Chase *is an editor at a New York publishing house.*

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Correspondence

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Withdrawal from Vietnam

Sirs:

Perhaps it is because I invariably agree with *The New Republic* that I register this dissent to your implications ("Vietnam – What Now," December 5) that we can withdraw from Vietnam with our security intact. We are in our present predicament because of violation of a negotiated peace, the Geneva accords. There is much that is revolting about our policies in Vietnam – the indiscriminate use of highly toxic chemicals, the support of dictatorial regimes, and our apparent complete endorsement of torture and Gestapo methods.

These problems, while important, must remain secondary to the problem of containing, as we did in Korea, a virulent form of Communism. How can we in good conscience seek a detente with China through a series of territorial concessions in South East Asia? Does your option of a negotiated settlement in Vietnam include a vision of a modern Greater East Asia co-prosperity sphere? *John J. O'Brien*
Morton Grove, Illinois

Chambers and the Communists

Sirs:

May I add a postscript to Irving Howe's review some time back (November 28) of Whittaker Chambers' *Cold Friday* and a corrective footnote to Chambers' account of his activity as a Communist and his reason for leaving the Communist Party.

One day in 1938, in the office of the Oxford University Press, I stopped to talk with a member of its staff, Philip Vaudrin. He was a graduate of Columbia University, where he had become a friend of Chambers; and under the impression that I knew Chambers well he mentioned that Chambers had been in the office that day looking for translation work, which he needed because he had left the Party; and this led him to tell me why Chambers had left it.

Chambers, according to Vaudrin, while in the Party had been a member of the same foreign section – called, I believe, G-4 – of the Russian secret police as the General Krivitsky who had deserted to the West in the thirties, and who in articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* had described the activity of G-4 as the hunting down, kidnapping and even murder of ex-Communists and others whom the Russian government considered as enemies. And Vaudrin told me he had been present one night when Krivitsky and Chambers (after *his* withdrawal from the Party) had exchanged experiences.

In his articles Krivitsky had told of having watched his associates being recalled to Russia and disappearing there in the purges, and of this having led him to the decision to desert to the West to save his life. Chambers too, said Vaudrin, had watched this happen to American associates who were summoned to Russia, and one day had received *his* summons to Russia. Chambers had, obediently, made preparations to go; then one night he walked the streets thinking the matter over, and by morning had reached the decision to disobey the summons and save his life. This had meant getting out of the Party; and he had realized that because of his knowledge of the activity of G-4 and his own activity in it he would be, for the Russian government, someone for G-4 to liquidate. He had therefore gone into hiding, sitting up at night with a gun, and earning a living with translation work.

It will be recalled that in his appearances before the House Committee Chambers at first withheld details which he revealed as the course of the investigation compelled him to do so. It is understandable that he should have withheld his activity in G-4 and the real reason for his withdrawal from the Communist Party, which the course of the investigation didn't compel him to reveal. *B. H. Haggin*
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